

THE AMERICAN
Legion
MAGAZINE AUG. 1947



U.S. AIR POWER, LIMITED

By **GEN. H. H. ARNOLD**



On a Pedestal

WHETHER you describe it as "on a pedestal"...or "in a class by itself"...
or "the one and only"...what you really mean is this: There is no true rival to
the matchless pre-war quality of 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey.

Seagram's Seven Crown

SEAGRAM'S FINEST AMERICAN WHISKEY

Say Seagram's and be Sure ...of Pre-War Quality

BLENDING WHISKEY Seagram's 7 Crown. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

The Most Amazing Offer ever made to Readers of **THIS MAGAZINE**

NOW... The BALL POINT PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL Combined

... and the first such combination ever offered in America at this startling low price (\$1.95)

Yes, Martin King, the fountain pen king, has dropped a bombshell on high priced fountain pens . . . by offering this sensational new value . . . a combination Ball Point Pen and a Mechanical Pencil . . . all for only \$1.95. Note the quality features shown at right . . . an all-metal pen . . . streamlined unbreakable satin finish barrel . . . 3 year supply of ink . . . automatic pencil with propel, repel, expel action includes eraser and supply of leads! These are features you ordinarily look for in pen-and-pencil combinations selling for many dollars higher. Now it's all yours for only \$1.95.



ANOTHER FIRST BY MARTIN KING (The Fountain Pen King)

Who has produced and sold more fountain pens direct to the public than all other pen manufacturers combined!

Martin King is the Henry Ford of the fountain pen industry. For twenty-five years he has been a pioneer in designing quality fountain pens . . . and bringing them down to the price that the average man can afford! In this new combination Ball Point Fountain Pen and Mechanical Pencil, he has introduced his latest and greatest value! At his present costs, the pen-and-pencil would have to sell at \$10 or more to show a profit! But he has staked everything on the belief that, at this low \$1.95 price, volume sales will bring down his cost—and that this \$1.95 value will be the largest selling unit of its kind at any price! Readers of American Legion get first call on this great value! For this advertisement is one of the first public announcements in America! And here is Martin King's challenge offer . . . to prove to you that you should mail the coupon below and be among the first to cash in on this great value:

SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail Coupon!
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded PLUS ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE!

Yes, Martin King makes this challenging offer. Don't send a penny. Just mail coupon at right. Pay postman only \$1.95 plus C.O.D. postage when package arrives. Then try this pen and pencil ten days. Compare it for writing quality in day-by-day use. Then if you're not 100% delighted with the "buy" you've made . . . just return it. Martin King will not only refund your purchase price in full. . . . **HE WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE.** You'll agree that Martin King must have an outstanding value when he makes such a daring offer. So get yours without delay. Mail coupon at right!

THE PENMAN

Dept. 68-K, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

**BALL POINT PEN
ON THIS END**

**LOOK!
UP TO 3
YEARS INK
SUPPLY**

**LOOK-ALL METAL
STREAMLINED
SATIN FINISH
UNBREAKABLE
BARREL.**

**LOOK-
NOT \$15.00
NOT \$10.00
NOT EVEN
\$5.00—BUT
ONLY \$1.95**

**LOOK! A QUALITY
PENCIL WITH PROPEL,
REPEL, EXPEL ACTION
—COMPLETE WITH
LEADS AND ERASERS**

**MECHANICAL
PENCIL ON
THIS END**

THE PENMAN

Dept. 68-K, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me your new 1947 Model Ball Point Pen and Mechanical Pencil unit. When package arrives, I will pay postman \$1.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not 100% satisfied, I reserve the right to return it for refund of my \$1.95. And in addition, you are to pay me one dollar for my time and trouble in testing it.

MAIL THIS TODAY

Name.....
(print plainly)

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

**"Bracer[®]
Royal"**
SUPPORTER BELT



For all-day wear, "Bracer Royal" is extra comfortable and convenient. Ask for it by name . . . \$5.00. Regular "Bracer" \$3.50.

"Bracer[®] Royal"
SUPPORTER BELT

BAUER & BLACK

[illegible]

VOL. 43

NO. 2

MAGAZINE

AUG. 1947

WESTERN OFFICE • 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

CONTENTS

Cover Drawing	By George Hughes	
This Is New York	By 12 Men You Know	9
<i>Required reading for anyone planning to attend the National Convention</i>		
U. S. Air Power, Limited	By General H. H. Arnold	12
<i>Once supreme in the skies, we are becoming a have-not nation in aviation</i>		
Three Shots at Kelsey (fiction)	By William Corson	14
<i>The story of a man-hunt, with the impact of a .300 Magnum bullet</i>		
A Wide Open Convention	By Paul H. Griffith	16
<i>Each man, says the National Commander, will vote as his conscience dictates</i>		
Mild Mannered Tornado	By Gene Ward	19
<i>Jack Kramer proves it's possible to play top tennis without tantrums</i>		
Soldiers Don't Sing War Songs	By Don Whitehead	22
<i>Why the men of World War 2 didn't go for martial music</i>		
Beware of the Animal	By Archibald Rutledge	24
<i>Under certain conditions even a squirrel or heifer can be dangerous</i>		
A Day with a Field Secretary	By Boyd B. Stutler	26
<i>A one-armed paperhanger has nothing on a Legion trouble-shooter</i>		

DEPARTMENTS

The Editors' Corner	4	Sports Varieties	45
Sound Off!	6	Veterans With Ideas	40
Parting Shots	52		

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3597 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1947. Published monthly at 353 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Roland Cocreham, Baton Rouge, La., Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Iowa, Vice-Chairman. Members of Commission: Jerry Owen, Oakland, Calif.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; Harry R. Allen, Brockton, Mass.; Paul B. Dague, Downingtown, Pa.; Tom W. McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Harry Benoit, Twin Falls, Idaho; James P. Hollers, San Antonio, Tex.; T. H. McGovran, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond F. Gates, Rocky Hill, Conn.; Max Neplein, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Roger Cole, Jasonville, Ind.; Josephus Daniels, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.; John Stelle, McLeanboro, Ill.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Assistant to Director of Publications, Frank Lisiecki.

Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Executive Editor, Joseph C. Keeley; Associate Editor, Robert B. Pitkin; Editorial Assistant, Albert E. Peterson.

Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Eastern Advertising Manager, Russell Holt; Western Advertising Manager, P. K. Babcock.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



HE FOUGHT TO SERVE

By James Wallace Minnick

ONE of the strangest stories to come out of World War II is that of Enrico DiNino. Born in Italy, Enrico came to this country in 1937 to visit his father in Boston. He was then fourteen, and stayed here for three years. During his visit he went to high school and acquired a Boston accent.

The accent got him in trouble when he returned to Italy. Mussolini's secret police decided he was a spy and promptly clapped him into prison. Offered the chance of serving in the Italian Army or being shot as a spy, Enrico chose military service and was sent to Caserta Cadet School. On graduating he was commissioned and assigned to flying a fighter plane. Keeping his pro-Ally sentiments to himself, DiNino engaged in many actions but somehow never succeeded in shooting down an Allied plane. On several occasions he deliberately tried to land in enemy territory, and once, over Malta, was only kept from surrendering by the energetic anti-aircraft fire of the British defenders who misinterpreted the young pilot's "buzz-flying."

Then, in September 1943, Italy surrendered. DiNino promptly changed his fighting tactics. In a roaring battle with German flyers he bagged a trio of the Luftwaffe. Others ganged up and shot him down near Athens. In a German prison camp no amount of explaining could convince his master race captors that he was not an American posing as an Italian. The Boston accent became his nemesis and he suffered for it.

"It was then," DiNino explains, "I made up my mind to be an American soldier."

From then on he stopped trying to convince the Germans that he was an Italian. He was an American—with lost identification. He posed among his fellow prisoners as an American staff sergeant. His Yankee accent served him well now; not even the most dubious Yank ever suspected that he was not exactly what he pretended to be.

In due time the prisoners were liberated. Now "Staff Sergeant" Enrico DiNino found himself attached as a casual with an American outfit in Holland. From Holland, a little later, he came with his regiment to Camp Lucky Strike in France for disposition. Here a friend provided him with "proper credentials," and he was sent to America for a well deserved rest.

But here new difficulties arose. Camp Devens officials tried in vain to find a record of DiNino's induction and subsequent service. They finally gave up and turned the job over to the F.B.I. which promptly discovered the deception and, in turn, handed the proxy sergeant over to immigration officials.

DiNino's next stop was Ellis Island's clink, charged with illegal entry. Here the young man told his amazing story, was forgiven, and permitted to remain in the country of his choice. Now the ex-enemy pilot is Pvt. Enrico DiNino, and he is a member of Uncle Sam's Air Force.

Douglas gives you

HIGH QUALITY AT FAIR PRICES



These distinguished shoes are typical of the complete W. L. Douglas selection for Fall. Every pair is superbly made of fine leathers . . . every pair is authentically styled . . . every pair is today's best-buy!



Style 6644
The CORONADO
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6613

Style 6628
The CRUISER
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6629

Style 6607
The CAMPUS
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6608



The hand of a
Master Craftsman
is behind
this trusted trademark

Douglas Shoes

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS.

STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES — GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

CROSMAN Silent RIFLE

POWER without POWDER

You'll like a Crosman because there is no recoil to spoil your aim . . . no noise . . . no odor . . . no cleaning! Rifled barrel for greater accuracy . . . adjustable power, too, for short or long range shooting indoors or out. Available in .177 and .22 cal. models.

AT YOUR DEALER OR WRITE DIRECT
CROSMAN ARMS CO., INC.
214 HENRIETTA ST., ROCHESTER 7, N. Y.

SELL FAMOUS SUNSHINE **25 CHRISTMAS CARDS \$1.25**
WITH SENDER'S NAME

Smartly Styled. Super Value. Everybody buys. Others to \$2.50. 56 designs. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas folders \$1. Costs 50c. Nature Prints, Deluxe, Glitter, Religious Boxes. Gift Wraps, Everyday. Personal Line. 21 Ass't and Sunshine Notes on approval. FREE SAMPLES of Imprint Lines. No investment. Start today.

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS
115 Fulton St. Dept. AL-8 New York 8, N. Y.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH** to catch a gal's eye ... until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking ... loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp ... and how! I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils ... contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

THE EDITORS' CORNER



Cover artist George E. Hughes is one of those city people who have finally realized a long-time ambition to own a farm. Hughes is a native New Yorker and was brought up in that section of Manhattan in which Columbia University is located. He has been drawing pictures since he was twelve years old, and for the past ten years has been appearing regularly in the larger magazines. A while back he bought a farm in Arlington, Vermont, and in March of this year he turned his back on the city and moved in among his 3,000 sugar maple trees. We haven't had any recent reports, but the last word we had was that he was camped there for good.

General Arnold's Record

If you haven't already read *U. S. Air Power Limited* by General H. H. Arnold, we hope you'll turn to page 12 and do so. We feel that General Arnold, who headed the Army Air Forces during WW2 and who has recently been retired from active military service, is the best qualified man in America to speak out on the deplorable state of our air force.

We'd read a lot about General Arnold in the past, and we were aware that he pioneered in military aviation since 1911, but we were surprised to learn of the extent of his activity in this field. To give you an idea:

On June 1, 1912, he established a new altitude record when he piloted a Burgess-Wright airplane to a height of 6,540 feet.

On October 9, 1912 he was the recipient of the first award of the Mackay Trophy for his pioneering work in aerial reconnaissance.

In the latter part of 1912, while on duty as an aerial observer of field artillery firing at Fort Riley, Kansas, he became the first military aviator to make use of radio to report his observations.

In the early 1920's he figured in many Air Corps pioneering activities including air patrol of forest areas and mid-air refueling for endurance flights.

And in 1934 he received the Mackay Trophy for the second time, this award being made in

recognition of his leadership as Commanding Officer of the United States Army Alaskan Flight of that year.

In addition to all this General Arnold is an author of some note, having turned out several books, mostly on aviation, and including *This Flying Game*, published in 1936, *Winged Warfare*, 1941, and *Army Flyer*, 1942.

General Arnold was born in Gladwyn, Pennsylvania, June 25, 1886, is a graduate of the United States Military Academy, and was appointed a Second Lieutenant of Infantry in 1907. At the present time he's living in California, doing things on a comparatively easy style after 40 years of military service.

What An Opu

The latest word from Hawaii is that Don Whitehead (*Soldiers Don't Sing War Songs*, page 22) has developed an opu. Lean and lanky from three years of chasing war stories across Africa, Sicily, Italy and Europe, Whitehead arrived in Honolulu (where he is AP bureau head) weighing a stringbean 150 pounds. That was in November, 1945, but a steady diet of Hawaiian food and climate has upped that to a hefty 187 pounds, including the very pronounced opu. Opu (in case you wondered) is the Hawaiian word for stomach.

Gene Ward

Gene Ward (*Mild Mannered Tornado*, page 19) spent three and a half years as a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, and is now back at his old spot on the sports staff of the New York *Daily News*. At the time he was working on this piece for us Ward was shuttling back and forth between Louisville (where he covered the Kentucky Derby) and various cities in which the New York baseball clubs were playing.

Brrr

William Corson (*Three Shots At Kelsey*, page 14) says he grew up in the northwest, mostly Alaska, where he acquired such a hatred of cold weather that he's never willingly left southern California for any considerable period since he arrived there 16 years ago.

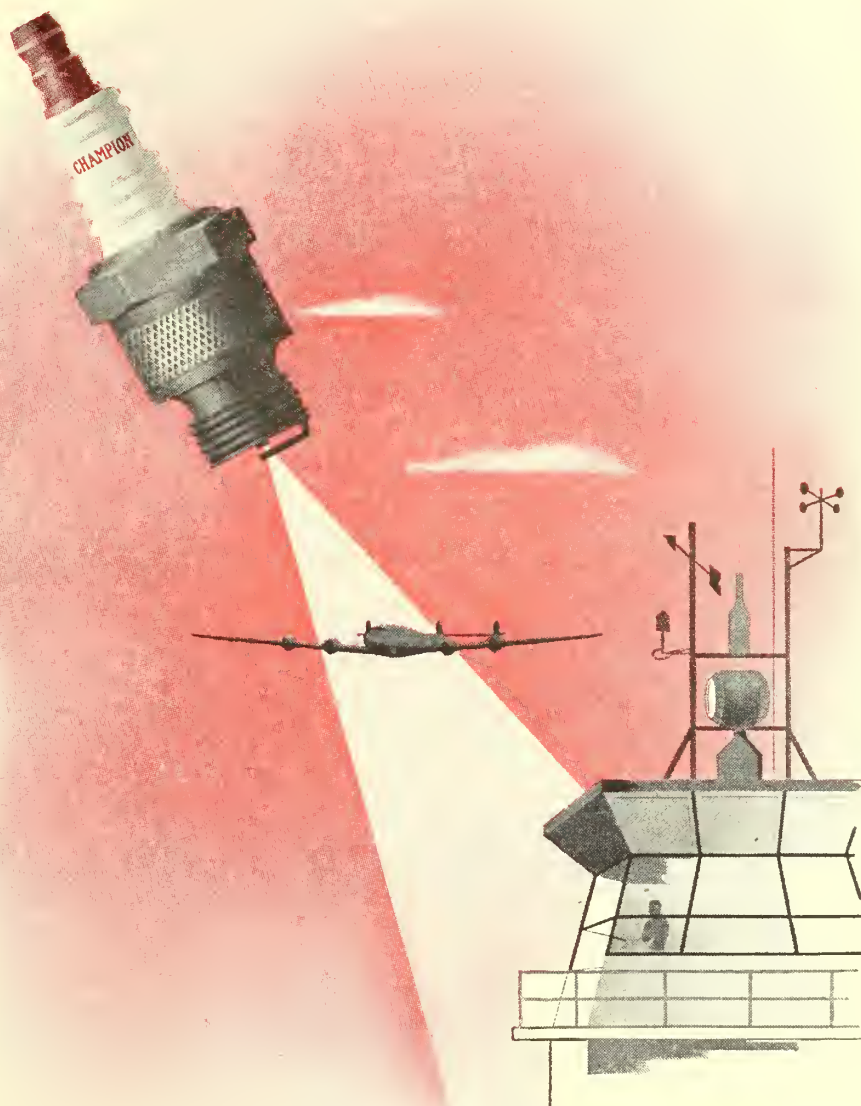


Following the outbreak of WW2 Corson put in a year with State Department intelligence, then switched over to Army Ordnance, and finished out the war in OSS.

Since then he's decided jobs aren't for him and has been concentrating on free lance writing. He says it's much nicer just abandoning himself to being dissolute and improvident, hunched over a typewriter keyboard. Judging from the finished product on page 14 it also produces very readable results. D.S.

Dependable CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



AIR TRAVEL IS A HIGHLY ORGANIZED AND STABLE BUSINESS . . . To handle increased traffic, no other form of public transportation has had to expand its facilities so rapidly. Last year more passengers were carried more miles than ever before, with the finest safety record in airline history—one that compares favorably with any other form of public transportation. The use of dependable Champion Spark Plugs by most airlines is a vote of confidence you should consider when buying spark plugs for your car. Specify Champion for better performance—it's America's favorite spark plug. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . . Harry Wismer's fast sparkscast every Friday night, over the ABC network



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

On "What Labor Wants"

Sir: Referring to your recent article, I say AMEN to Dave Beck's *What Labor Wants*, with one reservation; the proposition that "Earnings, wages, expenses of all kinds" are a proper basis for collective bargaining, seems to me penalizes efficient management and fosters the inefficient.

I most heartily agree legislation is not the answer in any event. The root of the trouble is, as Mr. Beck so aptly points out, the small infinitesimal minority of unqualified, inexperienced, willful and bad intentioned men both in labor and industry.

If all labor leadership were of the brand enjoyed by Beck's Western teamsters there would be no problem.

WILLIAM EDRIS
Seattle, Washington

Sir: I waded through the ponderous article in your May issue titled *What Labor Wants*. I failed to find the answer. It's the same old blarney. The rank and file of labor is no different than anybody else; and like everyone else they want no more than a square deal. Trouble arises when labor leaders succeed in making them believe they are not getting a square deal. Mr. Beck runs true to form. He beclouds the question with so many words the busy worker has no time to dope them out. . . . More people are hired by the so-called small employer than by large employers. If the present trend doesn't change, the next depression will make the small employer as scarce as the dodo bird. Communism will then be about the only thing left for the working man. Revolution and decline of the USA will then be very near. The time to get wise is *now*.

ROY M. BUCK
Boise, Idaho

Sir: Mr. Dave Beck's article is an interesting and forthright statement deserving of careful reading. It is fully in keeping with his well known ability and courage. . . . In view of these statements, how can Mr. Beck justify the refusal of his Union to admit to its membership GIs who happen to be colored or of Japanese ancestry? The Union may deny any such rule on its part but that such is its practice is too well known for denial.

FRANK S. BAYLEY
Seattle, Washington

Mr. Bayley's letter was sent on to Mr. Beck for comment. Following is his reply:

Dear Mr. Bayley: I want to comment on your letter as to our International Union not accepting American GIs of colored or Japanese

ancestry. I do not know where you received this information. It is not factual. We have hundreds and hundreds of Japanese and thousands of colored boys in our organization and accept them on the same basis as anyone else who served our country.

DAVE BECK
Seattle, Washington

Sir: Reading the Dave Beck article in the May issue caused me to ask myself why it isn't the time right now for Labor and Management to broaden their objectives and start Building America. Why not a non-political national conference with delegates from each State, representing Management, Labor and the Public to meet and draft an American Bill of Rights for all three. Many businesses have proven that vacation periods, pension funds, hospitalization and many other changes are sound investment for both Labor and Management. Why then should hundreds of other groups be torn by strikes to gain the same sound ends? But industry cannot support these programs if unions enforce or encourage unreasonable curtailment of production.

Once certain basic principles are established on a national basis, both Labor and Management will have the green light for maximum production and industrial harmony. Such a conference could establish a permanent board of arbitration independent of politics. Their decisions based on the American principle of Right rather than Might could avoid many costly strikes.

Communism can't win against a Labor and Management Team.

K. B. HUBBARD
Syracuse, N. Y.

We have received a great many letters as a result of the Dave Beck article setting forth the objectives of Labor. They ranged from the vindictively abusive, which were not signed, to those which praised Mr. Beck and Labor in extravagant terms. The majority agreed that Mr. Beck, by admitting that Labor had its faults, particularly when it limited production, made a solid contribution to the cause of industrial peace.

From Mr. Beck's home town, Seattle, Washington, came numerous letters testifying to the esteem in which he is held as labor leader and citizen by its community leaders, including members of the higher judiciary. THE EDITORS

Opposite Sex Speaks

Sir: Not professing to be exceptionally widely read, I have never come across anything so conceited and officious as *Men Wanted* by Maynard Good Stoddard in your June issue. It is natural, I suppose, that I should come to the aid of members of my sex, but having prided myself on open-mindedness, have never written anything publicly to that effect. I just couldn't stand by this time! . . . I don't see how any wife could put up with a man who has such low opinions of womanhood as he expressed when quoting "his conception" of Lillian Eichler's *Marriage By Capture*, "as amounting to a guy's going out and bagging himself a 'bag'" . . . I know they still have dowry benefits in the Middle East, but why didn't some of our lonesome dollar-minded GIs stay and reap their golden rewards? Because they preferred to come home to their memory of the American gal as they had left her; all the better if she is ten to one male

now. Picking should be that much more interesting. I'll bet my bottom dollar, though I may be wrong, that none of them pictured themselves up on an auction block saying, "Girls, here I am, a thousand bucks and you can take me away!" Men haven't deviated that much from their self-conceit (pleasantly so) and the centuries-old hunting-a-mate adage. So, Mr. Stoddard, I'm sure if you'll only look about, you'll see some guy's face light up when his favorite five and ten counter gal says he can take her to the show, without adding: "Pay the fare, Baby, and give me ten bucks besides!"

MRS. JAMES H. FOX, R.N.
Lexington, S. C.

Mrs. Fox has a right to her say and we feel she is right. But we understand Mr. Stoddard wrote Men Wanted with his left hand on typewriter, his tongue in cheek, and his right arm fending off friend wife. Latest survey (unofficial) sadly indicates that return of the dowry will come no sooner than return of the 50¢ Tenderloin.

THE EDITORS

But Let's Wear It

Sir: Paul Richmond suggests (in May SO) that all Legionnaires either wear their lapel buttons or get out of the Legion. I happen to be one of those Legionnaires who are buttonless now and then, not deliberately but through forgetfulness. The fact that a Legionnaire doesn't always wear his lapel button surely doesn't make him a disloyal Legionnaire. Can we be possibly sure that every Tom, Dick and Harry parading around wearing a Legion button is a loyal American citizen and Legionnaire? Absolutely not! Surely Comrade Richmond realizes that clothes do not make a man nor the mere wearing of the lapel button a Legionnaire.

FRED A. PETERS
Nickelsville, Va.

WW2 Legion Button?

Sirs: I gather that Paul Richmond (SO in May) is a veteran of WW1. To him his Legion button is a constant reminder to all who see it that he is a WW1 vet, for the central design is the WW1 star. He has a right to wear it with pleasure and pride, and I heartily agree it should be seen more often. But what about those who served in WW2? How does the Legion button resemble the famous "ruptured duck"? The WW2 veteran is as proud of his golden eagle as the WW1 is of his bronze star. Many of us are reluctant to discard the eagle which brings us more cameraderie among strangers than does the Legion button. Is it not important to the pride of a WW2 man to see the emblem he has earned distinguishing (but not separating) him from those of WW1? Could we not design a Legion button which has the same outer edge as at present but with its center a "ruptured duck"?

C. C. HEMMINGS
Washington, D.C.

What's all the shootin' fer?

Sir: In reply to Bill Eagle's article (in May SO) on registering firearms I wish to add a point or two. First, all's quiet on the legislative front, to coin the phrase of NRA. Second, here in the USA we have a nation-wide organization called the National Rifle Association, and one of our primary functions is keeping wide awake on this anti-firearms registration. The only proposed legislation was the Wiley and the Carson bills. These died natural deaths in the House and, I might add, largely through the efforts

of the NRA. As a member you are advised of any and all pending anti-laws in plenty of time to write your Congressman.

Multiply yourself by the 240,000 members we have and you have a force to be reckoned with. We have a few other aims of our fast-growing organization in which I am sure not a few Legionnaires would be interested.

LT. PAUL E. THORNTON
Plum Brook Ordnance Works
Sandusky, Ohio

19-year-old OKs UMT

Sirs: I read the article on Universal Military Training in the May issue. I became nineteen years old in July. I wish to say that I, too, am very much in favor of UMT. I sincerely hope it is adopted in the United States.

JIMMIE DANDERLIN
Camp Wood, Texas

That "New Blood"

Sir: I read with much interest the article *Why I Joined the Legion* in March. The comment by David Modlin impressed me more than the others. He says he joined the Legion because he thought it would help increase his income and help in emergencies such as hardship and sickness and that he was greatly disappointed. The older men (he says) take over every meeting, the service officer's incompetent, etc. . . . Comrade Modlin's gripe is typical of many. I as adjutant of Wm. E. Carter Post 16 have heard from World War 2 vets. They criticize but offer no help. The comrade should accept an office—service officer, for instance; take part in the affairs of his Post, and become a factor in its operation instead of a critic. . . . (Our) Post is giving WW2 veterans every opportunity to function as officers, chairmen of committees, etc., but we fail to find them very enthusiastic to assist thus. The work of the Post must go on and the so-called "new blood" in our Post, with a few exceptions, are joining with the hope of getting more than free hospitalization, unemployment compensation, four years in college (with subsistence), opportunities to purchase a home with a \$4000 loan guaranteed by the Government, and numerous other benefits enjoyed by WW2 vets as a result of Legion activity for their special benefit. Again, Comrade Modlin, I say get in there and help do some of the things you criticize.

G. H. SIMMONS
Boston, Mass.

In April, Robert B. Pitkin in *A Young Veteran Looks at the Legion*, pointed out how each man of us must pitch in to help get Post and community action.

THE EDITORS

y=ax

Gentlemen: In the May issue, Guy Halferty's article *So You Want to go Rocketing*, defined a parabola as an ellipse in which the foci both reach infinity at the same time. I'm afraid if this definition were used we would never get to the moon. I believe you will find that a parabola is defined as the locus of a point that moves in such a way that its undirected distances from a fixed point and a fixed line are equal. The foci, or focus, is the fixed point and remains stationary. The fixed line is the directrix of the parabola. Am I right?

A. D. AYERST, JR.
Elkton, Maryland

If any of our readers disagree with this, for Pete's sake, let us know!

THE EDITORS

*“Down the **MISSISSIPPI**”*
went many a barrel of James Crow's
famous whiskey

To the far corners of the land,
Colonel Crow's superb Kentucky whiskey carried
his fame. Today, it is known and enjoyed
throughout the world.



THOSE IN THE KNOW ~
ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED - IN - BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Taking moving pictures of human vocal cords

SAY "AH-H-H" TO THE BIRDIE . . . This Bell Telephone Laboratories scientist is taking moving pictures of the young woman's vocal cords, to get new knowledge about the voice. Such knowledge is useful in telephone transmitter design.

He is using a Fastax camera, developed by the Laboratories. This camera, the same kind that was used to photograph atom-bomb tests at Bikini, can operate up to the rate of 8000 pictures a second.

Bell Telephone Laboratories learned some interesting things about speech from high-speed pictures of vocal cords.

THE job of Bell Laboratories is to devise and develop facilities which will enable two human beings anywhere in the world to talk to each other as clearly as if they were face to face—and to do this economically as well as efficiently. To this end, Bell Laboratories study everything

from the most fundamental matters, such as the mechanism of speech and hearing and the molecular structure of copper wire and rubber insulation, to the detailed design of equipment. The result is better service, at lower cost, for everyone who uses the telephone.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

This is New York

Twelve world-famous New Yorkers guide you to the most interesting sights in their Big Town, the things you mustn't miss when you move in on the island of Manhattan for the National Convention opening on August 28th and running for four days



IRVING BERLIN
Composer

The Legionnaires will be in New York for four days and will want to have a grand time in the grandest city in the world. Tell them to have a good time, but also to see something of the most wonderful city in the world. They can use their evenings for clean, wholesome fun, and devote their days, outside of necessary Legion business, to seeing the wonders of New York.

They'll know where to go for fun, which is any place within the millions of lights that make up "The Great White Way." However, there is one must, the wonderful Radio City Music Hall. They could take a sight-seeing bus, to see as much as possible in a short time. Rockefeller Center has a fine guided tour, which includes the buildings, radio, television, and the observation roof of the RCA building, from which they will have a grand view of the city. This same view can be had from the top of the world's tallest building, the Empire State Building. The boys should also go to the downtown financial district, see the tall buildings there

and also the great harbor of New York, ruled over by her Queen, the Statue of Liberty. Then jump on the subway and see the great ride you get for a nickel.

Legionnaires will probably sleep late on Sunday morning, after a hectic Saturday night, but they should try to see some of New York's wonderful churches. And in the afternoon they can see some of our great museums and parks, among which are the wonderful Zoological Gardens. On Monday the boys can do a little more sight-seeing, but many will probably want to rest up.

JOHN KIERAN
"Information Please" Expert

If I were visiting New York for the first time I think I would like to do the following things:

Take the ferry from the Battery to Staten Island and back. It's just a ten-cent outlay and gives a million-dollar view of the Bay, the Statue of Liberty and the famous skyline of the financial center of the world.

Take a bus ride up Riverside Drive. The Hudson is one of the most scenic rivers in

the world. London has the Thames, Paris the Seine, Rome the Tiber, but New York doesn't have to take a back seat with the best big-city river that I know.

Visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, the main Public Library at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue and the Bronx Zoo. (And take in one of the Planetarium shows.)

Spend half a day wandering around Radio City and seeing what a magnificent city in itself it is.

Walk through the Waldorf-Astoria and have dinner in some little Italian, French or Swedish restaurant in the Fifties.

See some Broadway show if I could get in.

Go back home and tell the folks that New York was wonderful—I saw it all—but I'll stick to my home town after all.

DR. RANDOLPH RAY
Rector of The Little Church Around the Corner



In every country I have traveled, it has been my policy to go with an organized tour. One of the first things a Legionnaire should do is to take a sight-seeing bus tour of the city. It is much easier than trying to see a good many things independently, which is difficult to do by yourself.

I would make it a point to see New York's Battery and the financial district, and if you will plan to see them on Sunday, when the financial district is closed, the canyons between the high, impressive buildings will





You needn't be "arty" to enjoy the Metropolitan Museum

make an impression on you that you will never forget.

As for churches of particular interest, there are St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity and St. Paul downtown, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and my own church, The Little Church Around the Corner.

Go to the top of the Empire State Building and see New York, both during the day and at night. Also be sure to glimpse the skyline of Midtown Manhattan at night from the Queensboro Bridge. It is a view of exquisite beauty. You might also enjoy a carriage ride behind a high-hatted man through Central Park. Also of great interest are the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other museums and the Hayden Planetarium, as will be a trip through a modern newspaper like *The News* or *The Times* when the presses are operating at full speed.

You will want to see something of the legitimate theatre, and you should see

Rockefeller Center and the wonderful Radio City Music Hall, the like of which you will never see in any other part of the world.

Now that you've finished reading my suggestions, I'm sure that I will be able to find most of you in Times Square, which means all the amusements adjacent to it, during the greater part of your visit. But if you are not too tired on Sunday morning, go to church and say a prayer for His goodness.

JOHN REED KILPATRICK

*President
Madison Square
Garden Corporation*



If I were a Legionnaire on my first visit to New York, and with limited time on hand, I'd approach the world's largest city with this military thought in mind: "Know your objec-

tive, Soldier, before you try to storm it."

So, first off, I'd get to know the size of this city. A boat ride around Manhattan would be first on the list; within the space of a couple of hours I'd have a pretty good idea of just how enormous this metropolis really is, with its skyline, pattern of roadways, man-made clouds and huge structures for industry and living.

Next, I'd start to investigate this colorful world. By day, I'd visit LaGuardia Airport, the top of the Empire State Building, Radio City, the parks and the many museums. And, depending upon my favorite hobby, I'd look into the local fields for that.

By night, of course, I'd speed directly to 8th Avenue and 49th Street, which happens to be the site of Madison Square Garden or to one of the ball parks. But, I'm a sports lover, and perhaps you're not. In that event, there's always a hit show on Broadway, or a broadcast, or a guided trip to Chinatown. Times Square is quite a sight at night, and



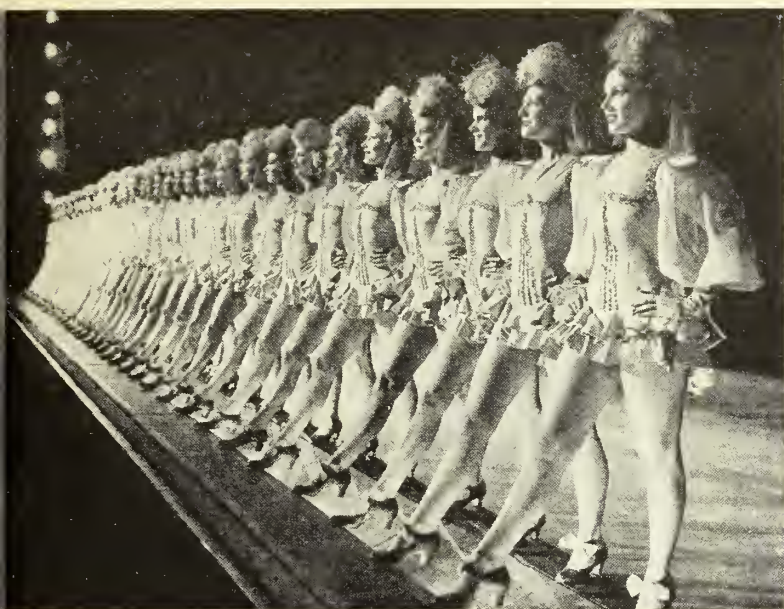
An ocean liner arriving or leaving is a sight to thrill you



The experts agree that St. Patrick's is well worth seeing



New Yorkers are proud of their Hudson River, with good reason



The eyes have it when the Music Hall Rockettes go into action



What Legionnaire will want to pass up this great sight?

so, too—in a different sense—are such famous night clubs as the Diamond Horseshoe, El Morocco, Stork Club, and a score of other equally famous spots.

And what does friend wife do during this period of your wanderings? Well, either she goes right along with you, or she indulges in the sport dearest to a woman's heart—shopping! The department stores, the fashion shops, the élite corners of the millinery world, the specialty stores...why, New York is a paradise on earth for a woman with an eye for bargains and the very latest in fashion trends!



JAMES A. FARLEY
Former Postmaster General

There's too much to see in four days, but take your choice of the following: Times Square at night, a legitimate

show, the wonderful Radio City Music Hall and the Rockettes, a big league baseball game, Rockefeller Center, the tower of the Empire State Building, the Planetarium and some of our museums, among the greatest in the world, the downtown skyline of Manhattan, the Brooklyn Bridge, in the shadows of which our great Al Smith was born, the shopping centers along Fifth and Madison Avenues, the grand view of Park Avenue at night, the Grand Army Plaza in front of the Plaza Hotel and Central Park, the Zoological Gardens, among the most beautiful in the world. I will also remind you that the Hudson River is more beautiful than the Rhine, and that our Palisades, Bear Mountain and Stony Point, where Mad Anthony Wayne made history, are famous in poem and story. Not far from these is West Point, and certainly a visit to the famous United States Military Academy would give you a great thrill. My best regards to The American Legion.



WALTER WINCHELL
Columnist and Radio Commentator

What you want to see in New York depends on what's inside of you. There's nothing you can't see—from master-

pieces to Madison Square Garden, because the shiny waters of New York Bay are a mirror held up to the rest of the world.

We like this town so well that we want you to like it too.

She's like our best girl. In general, these are her best features: (Continued on page 47)



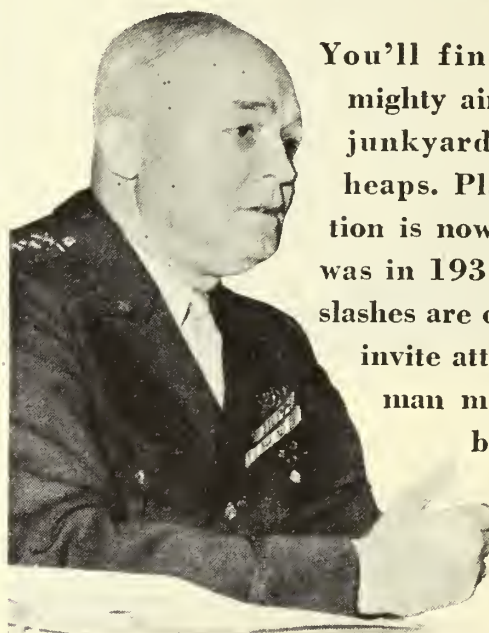
It's hardly likely that any Legionnaire will want to miss Times Square



The Empire State's tower is another "must"

U.S. Air Power, Limited

By H. H. ARNOLD
General of the Army



You'll find our once mighty air armadas in junkyards and scrap heaps. Plane production is now less than it was in 1939. If budget slashes are continued we invite attack, says the man most responsible for our air victory



IF THE UNITED STATES were attacked tomorrow, we would suffer another Pearl Harbor.

It would be worse than Pearl Harbor—indefinitely worse.

In the months following December 7, 1941, time and space between us and our enemies gave us the chance to steady ourselves from a reeling blow; gave us leeway for reorienting our mighty industrial machine and to build our defenses and striking power. Even so, the outcome hung in a desperately fine balance for many months. It was a very near thing for us and for our allies.

We won, almost literally, by the skin of our teeth.

Our salvation lay in the fact that the world had reached only the *threshold* of the Airfaring Age. *We* were able to step across that threshold and into the new dimension, in telling force, more swiftly than the Axis powers, although they had leaped first. Eventually it was overwhelming air power that gave us the victory. The lesson was written in letters of fire across the skies of Europe and Asia and stamped indelibly into the

blackened, twisted debris of their cities.

But now we seem again to be dozing off, or, worse still, deliberately refusing to heed the lessons of the grimmest war the world has yet known.

Since V-J Day American air power has collapsed as if it had been a house of cards. It has dwindled away and become disorganized—root, stock, and branch. Almost unbelievably, the decay has come about during a period of international turmoil, fear, bitterness, and scheming which, if anything, is more alarming than the one that led up to World War II.

The American aircraft industry at its wartime peak was producing planes at the rate of 100,000 a year. I would be the last to advocate that the industry be kept on such a scale of wholesale war production. But as an airman who knows how narrow our margin of victory was. I can't keep silent when I see that this root of U. S. air power has withered to *less than its 1939 prewar output*. Today aircraft production of all types in this country does not quite equal two percent of the 1944 record.

The thousands of technicians and aero-dynamic engineers, whose skills interlocked to produce American air power, are scattered to the four winds. A skeleton force remains, and that, disjointed.

Our training system—and it was a magnificent one—turned out some 8000 pilots a month. Now it graduates only about 350 every 15 weeks, or an average of 1400 a year.

During the war, the Air Transport Command, a matchless organization of American Magellans, blazed and charted aerial highways the globe around. The men of the ATC, pioneers in our best tradition, established bases and routes from the fever-ridden tropics to the Arctic wastes. Airfaring generations to come will be in their debt. But ATC has melted away to a mere vestige of its former size.

And above all, the combat units, the proud young men who mastered the perilous new element, the ocean of air, unselfishly and without fear, who drove the enemy to earth and blasted that earth until it became intolerable—



Upended, our air fleets bite the dust. Obsolete, yes, but unreplaced

they, too, have sifted off to farm, bank, garage, shoe counter, and factory. Today only a nucleus remains—"seed corn" for growth in case of a future emergency.

Our air forces amount to no more than a token. As things now stand, this is all we have on which to stake our hope that we can beat off a possible lightning attack through the air from bases far off on the other side of the world. And, let me add, it is a world that aviation technology has shrunk in a generation to a tenth of its former circumference.

Old concepts die hard.

Many of us, too many of us, stubbornly persist in thinking in terms of *surface* distance between points on the globe. But aerial task forces of the future will not go all around the Robin Hood's Barn of the sea-reaches. They will speed across the Polar shortcut that, for good or ill, draws the major land masses of America, Europe, and Asia into a tight Northern Hemisphere clump.

World War II could strike the United States only on its outer rim. Jap aircraft

and submarines slashed at us on the West, German undersea boats on the East. Nowhere was our heartland touched, physically, though 300,000 of our sons had to spill their life's blood and their promise in remote lands.

That is all changed today. Destruction could come in a number of forms—the upheaval of atomic forces, bacteriological warfare, paratroopers and saboteurs discharged above key industrial centers. Regardless of the method used, there is no point in our *land invulnerable to assault from the air*. For now giant bombers have ranges of 10,000 miles and more! The U. S. is not the only nation able to produce such aircraft.

In other words, by the very forward rush of aviation technology for which we ourselves are largely responsible, our country is now laid bare to the possibility of attack from distances formerly considered too remote. The erstwhile protection of our geographical position is gone.

It is obvious that we must remain masters of this technology.


We are weary of war, tired of all the

physical and emotional strain that accompanies war. Many Americans are closing their minds to the possibility of another world conflict. They would like to ignore our present troubled times and look the other way. Such an attitude—distressingly like the blind isolationism following World War I—could have fatal consequences for this country.

Americans have never wanted war, have gone to extraordinary lengths to stay clear of foreign entanglements that might lead to war. Yet, willy-nilly, we have found ourselves involved in two world wars; and if there should be another global war, we would again find ourselves in it.

All our thinking must revolve about the fact that the United States is now World Target No. 1.

As the world's leading industrial power, the U. S. has literally been "the arsenal of democracy" in both World Wars. Any aggressor would have to concentrate on knocking America out first, and swiftly and completely, before his designs of conquest could have the slightest chance (*Continued on page 28*)



He glared at the man above him. "You skinny damned buzzard," he snarled

Three Shots at Kelsey

One of them had to die, and Ryan had a rifle that could nail a man to the ground at a quarter of a mile

By **WILLIAM CORSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLY RICHARDS

RYAN HAD NO TROUBLE following the man ahead as long as his trail led straight down the floor of the valley. The prints showed clearly in the loose gravelly soil and stretches of snow or grass. The spread between steps, and the way the weight dug in at the heels showed that Kelsey was traveling fast, making no effort to hide his tracks any more.

In a way, it didn't make sense. Kelsey was no fool, and must know that even without his injured leg he couldn't match Ryan's long strides on a straightaway chase. Maybe Kelsey was getting panicky. Or maybe he just figured it was a waste of time to try to lose a good tracker on this soft ground, and was hoping to reach firmer going before he was caught.

There was no break in Ryan's steady jogging as he thought it over. Occasionally he shifted the heavy rifle from one hand to the other, and worked the fingers of the free hand vigorously until they warmed up.

Ryan covered ground smoothly, glancing up at intervals to flick his eyes impatiently over the brush-dotted curve of the valley ahead. Hav-



ing Kelsey unarmed made it nice; very little caution was necessary. The only chance that Kelsey had left was to try an ambush—a sudden jump from behind a bush with a rock or club, too close and quick for Ryan to swing the rifle. Ryan half hoped Kelsey would make the attempt, and then he could get his muscle-knobbed hands on the smaller man . . .

Still, a hand-to-hand battle had faint possibilities of bad luck and risk, and the joy of breaking the shifty Kelsey to a groaning red pulp wasn't worth the risk. Wasn't worth *any* risk, because the game was for keeps and it was all in Ryan's hand if he played it smart. The trump ace was the big rifle, a telescope-sighted .300 Magnum that could reach out and smash down like a thunderbolt on a deer at ranges well over a quarter-mile. Or on a man, or a horse . . .

Ryan thought about the funny way luck sort of evened up. It had been plain bad luck that he brained Kelsey's horse but missed the man clean with that first long shot back on the mountain. It was bad luck that Kelsey had rolled down the slope into cover of the brush before he could get in another shot. But it was honey-sweet luck that Kelsey's rifle was still in its saddle boot under the horse, and that Kelsey's pistol had flopped out of its holster in his fall.

But there was no sense in spurring luck too hard, so Ryan played it smart. Smart and safe. When the scuffed dirt led through a small clump of scrub tamarack, Ryan swung wide and cut back to the trail on the other side of the c'ump. He prodded careful eyes into the mesquite brush that this detour brought near, because Kelsey might anticipate his caution and deliberately go through the pines, then zigzag to lay his ambush in the mesquite. Kelsey was just that kind of a fox-brain, vicious as a sidewinder, Ryan told himself.

It was the same way with all sizable rocks. They had to be circled, because Kelsey might be standing just around the side, a jagged splinter of granite in his skinny hand, and ready for a hopeless fight—a stubborn damn fool who was as good as dead and didn't have sense enough to lay down! He was close ahead, too, Ryan decided after slowing momentarily for an intent look at the ground. Crushed blades of wiry grama grass in the footprints were still slowly straightening themselves.

The probability that Kelsey's lead was less than a half-mile began to have special meaning to Ryan when he saw that the valley had quit curving and now swept directly forward for some distance. A straight valley meant a straight line of fire—a chance for the big Winchester to do its stuff. Ahead, and perhaps two hundred yards off the line of travel, Ryan spotted a jumbled mound of huge boulders. The top of the pile was a good forty feet high. Climbing the heap would take precious seconds at a time when he was gaining fast on Kelsey, but it might give him the chance to end the whole thing with one beautiful, precisely placed bullet. A long-pointed bullet that would snake out and nail Kelsey to the ground, beyond any chance of escape. The rifle was designed for just that kind of long-range specialized job. . . .

Ryan climbed the rock pile. The top boulder was wide as a table and nearly flat. The view was fine, and there was a drift to the thin icy air that chilled and dried the sweat on his face almost immediately. He sat down cross-legged on the weathered (Continued on page 37)

Walter R. Smith



A Wide Open Convention

ON August 28th the delegates to our National Convention meet in New York to adopt policies of The American Legion for the coming year, and elect leaders to carry out those policies. Many of the delegates have already been chosen by the Department Conventions, and the others will be selected within a few more days. These delegates carry the same responsibility for the conduct of The American Legion that members of Congress have for the affairs of the national government, or legislators for the business of the several states.

These delegates will meet at a time of serious problems in the affairs of the world and of the United States. In barely a generation we have been the winners of two world wars, but it remains uncertain if we are to maintain for ourselves and for weaker nations the just fruits of military victory. All of the high principles of liberty and justice for which we fought hang in the balance. In the domestic affairs of our country the post war period has brought many new and difficult questions for fair decision. Not all of these matters can be determined by The American Legion, nor should be. Many of them may be greatly advanced to right decisions by the firm and fair purpose of the men and women who offered their lives and blood in war, and are ready to give their services as citizens in peace.

The governing machinery of the Le-

By PAUL H. GRIFFITH

**National Commander,
The American Legion**

gion is rooted in fundamental democracy, equality in the right and responsibility of each member, one vote for each. Ours is the one great all-inclusive society of American veterans of the world wars, and the power of numbers which has come to the Legion places added responsibility in our hands, to be exercised by our chosen representatives, the delegates to the national convention. I ask every delegate to remember this. Successful results in the Legion, as in the nation, depend upon the degree to which each voter uses his power and accepts his responsibility.

The past year has seen great growth in the Legion, and a genuine merger of the veterans of two wars into a single inclusive group. More and more we are forgetting if we are War I or War II veterans, and remembering to be Legionnaires. The efforts of a few earnest and ambitious young men to divert the veterans' movement in America into a political or economic ideology have caused some attacks upon the Legion in the hope that it could be weakened and some special interest strengthened. The answer to all such small efforts must lie, not in petty bickering among veterans, but in the entirely inclusive, democratic and Ameri-

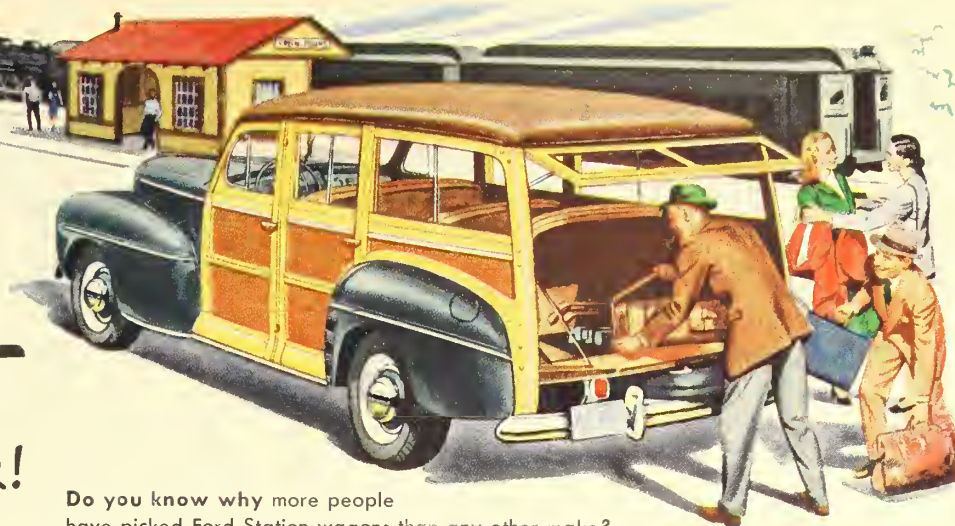
can nature and procedure of the Legion. The delegates who soon gather at New York will remember our commitment of service "To God and Country," and the breadth and strength of our opportunity.

This very important convention will be wide open to the decisions of the delegates on matters of policy and leadership. That I can say with some assurance because I expect to be its presiding officer, and within the scope of my authority to make certain of that result. I ask the delegates, each one of them, to prepare for their tasks, and to work with me to see that those tasks are well done. We must not spare our time and hard work if we are to make certain that each question is fairly considered, each committee thoroughly responsible and diligent, each debate honest and fruitful, and each ultimate majority decision honest and wise to the full limit of our ability and integrity.

I should like here to extend to all of you my thanks for your work in the Legion ranks this year. To all who, in their country's uniform, offered their lives and their blood for America, and to our fellow citizens not in uniform who gave their toil and their treasure for America, let us at this convention rededicate ourselves to America, to the way of life of a free people, to justice before the law and the liberty and dignity of men and women as responsible citizens in this great republic.

Ford's out Front

WITH A FAMILY AFFAIR!



Do you know why more people have picked Ford station wagons than any other make? Here's one reason: Ford pioneered the station wagon . . . introduced this smart utility model to an appreciative public. Yes, Ford has produced more cars of this body type than all other makers put together.

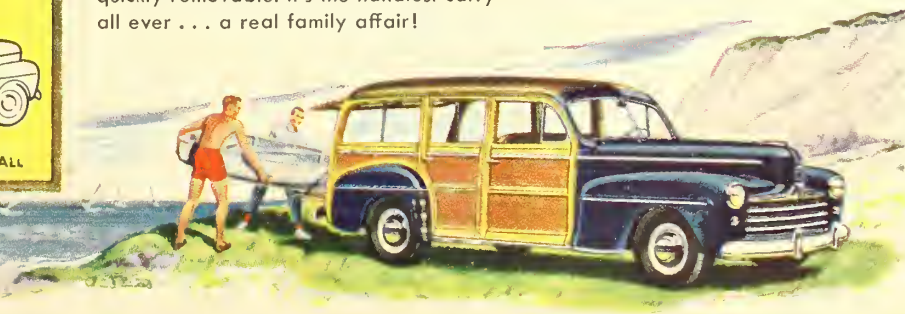


Today Ford continues to build its own station wagon bodies at Iron Mountain, Michigan . . . selects the finest native hardwoods for them . . . fashions them with real cabinetmaker craftsmanship. "It's the best looking, longest lasting station wagon on the road today," say owners . . . "Way out front in popularity!"

There's a *Ford* in your future



Really two cars in one! Eight people can travel comfortably in the Ford station wagon . . . and in real style! And for light hauling, both rear seats are easily, quickly removable. It's the handiest carry-all ever . . . a real family affair!



Rocket's-eye view of a target

SEEN from the ionosphere, where rockets travel, America's natural barriers of sea and space lose their historic significance. In this age of rockets, atomic power and supersonic speeds, there will never be time again for the nation to prepare its defenses when danger threatens.

That is why the new National Guard assumes such vast importance in this country's over-all defense structure.

An M-Day force of 682,000 selected citizen-soldiers, it will be ready for instant mobilization and deployment with the Regular Army at the very beginning of any emergency. Its 27 combat divisions and 27 air groups will be superbly equipped. It will be thoroughly trained in all phases of modern warfare.

In every state, National Guard units are forming. Among them are many famous units with distinguished records of service to the nation in all the wars or campaigns in our history.

Familiarize yourself with the National Guard unit in your community. It needs your strong support, particularly during this period of reorganization. And remember, *you* need the National Guard in this uncertain world more than ever before.

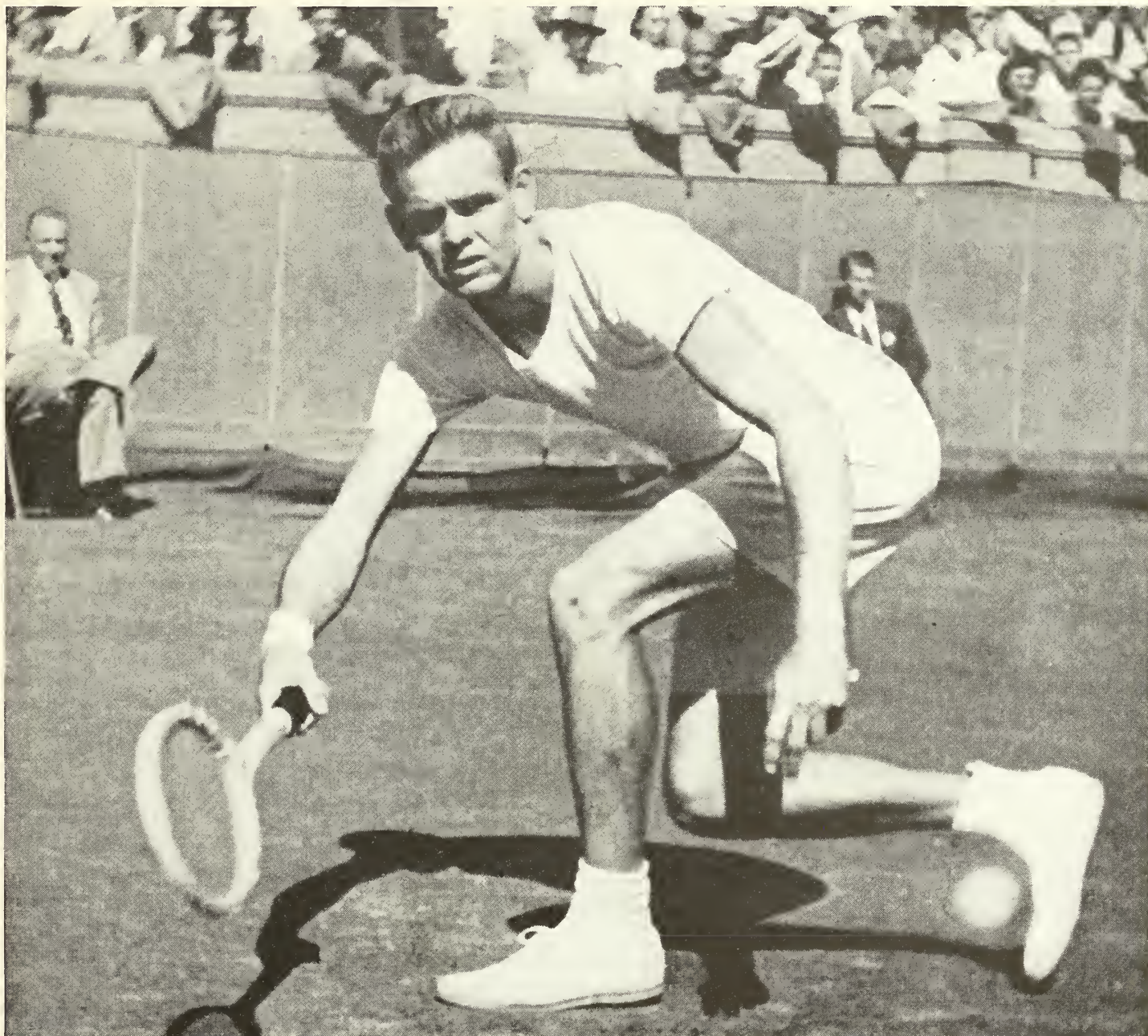
Listen to "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, Wednesdays, 8:30 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.

The National Guard is a Federally supervised force raised by the states. Strength, composition, training and efficiency are constantly under the guidance of officers selected by the War Department. There are National Guard units in each state, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia.

Many employers further the National Guard's mission by permitting Guardsmen in their employ to take part in summer field training without sacrificing their income or vacation period.

The National Guard

★ ★ ★ OF THE UNITED STATES ★ ★ ★



Ever since he was a boy Jack Kramer has been the idol of big time tennis players. They thought he'd have everything, and he has

Mild Mannered Tornado

Must tennis champs have tantrums? Jack Kramer wouldn't know how, but he's Mr. Tennis

By GENE WARD

LATE THIS MONTH the finals of the Davis Cup international tennis matches will be held at Forest Hills, Long Island. The American team will be the defenders, and if things go along as expected, Australia may well be the

challenger. Also, if things go as expected, the bedrock of the American team will be an unusual tennis player named Jack Kramer, affectionately known as Big Jake among his fellow players, an easy-going moose of a man.

Temperate rather than temperamental, Kramer is not likely to throw fits, challenge the judges, walk off the court in a huff or do anything violent except blast his opponents sky high. It is highly unlikely that Kramer will be anything but Old Dependable, the steadiest tennis

player in the U. S., and perhaps the world. There *should* be no repetition of what happened last December in Australia when the U. S. players journeyed Down Under to win the cup they will defend this time.

At that time Walter Pate was worried. The small, graying Davis Cup captain had herded what he thought was a strong team into the tennis territory of the Australians, and Jack Kramer was his ace. Pate felt he held the winning hand, but so far there had been only the

deuce to pay. One aggravation piled on another until it appeared that the expedition was as ill-fated as some of those others to France in the late '20s and early '30s.

The trouble centered around Kramer, the national champ and the one tennis player in all the world on whom Pate would have staked his reputation. Big Jack Kramer, the mild-mannered tornado . . . the tennis player without a temperament . . . the perfect competitor, was in the dumps.

Nothing you could put your finger on. The boy was trying, but he couldn't concentrate. He couldn't hit the ball.

It was like watching a powerful cannon giving off with a gentle *pfift!* His

big game with the tremendous slice service, the booming drives, the constant forcing of the fore-court all building up such solid aggression as to keep a UN councilman awake nights—it had evaporated. Instead, Kramer's daily practice sessions were comedies of error, and after one particularly trying afternoon Pate almost had to pinch himself to keep from believing the story in the Australian press which characterized Kramer's play as that of a "promising looking young player who doesn't seem to be able to hit the ball over the net . . ."

Cap Pate had tried everything, a lay-off for Kramer, special massages for the stomach muscles in Doc Rice's Institute in down town Melbourne, a change

of diet. Nothing helped, but Cap still knew that no amateur and very few professionals could stand up to Kramer's big game when it was booming.

The methodical lawyer from Wall Street had planned long in advance for the day he would pilot a Kramer-led Davis Cup team to Australia to win back the Cup lost to the Aussies in 1939. He first had seen the California clouter as a lad of 17 on the grass courts of the Westchester Country Club at Rye, New York, and was so impressed by the potentialities of the young blond with the crew-haircut that a year later he put him on his Davis Cup squad, giving the all but unknown Kramer a shot in the doubles competition.

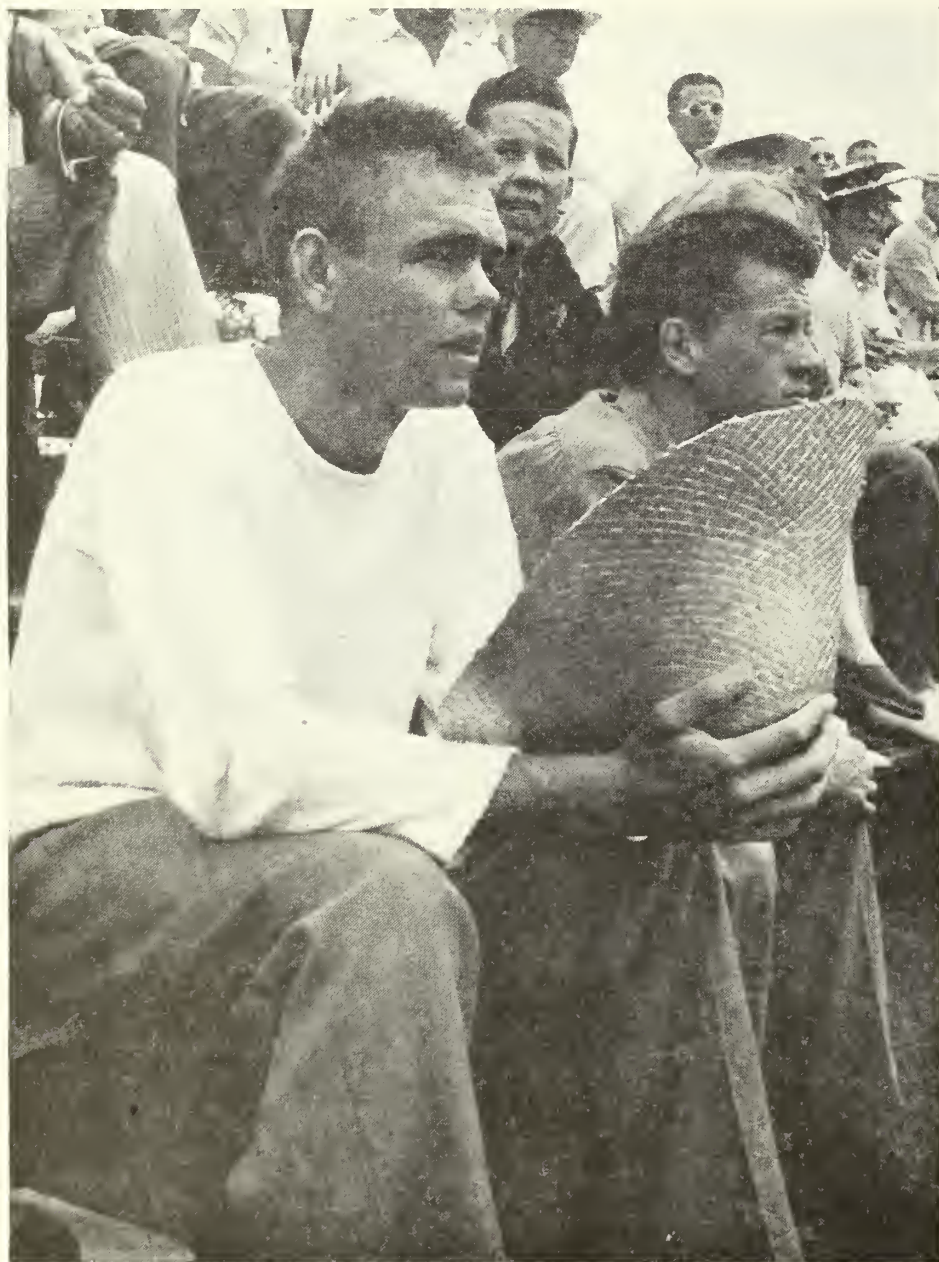
Although America had no outstanding doubles duo that year, 1939, Pate was criticized for selecting such a green player. But Cap was looking ahead. Even then he recognized a champ-in-the-making, but one vastly different from others he'd known and handled. For Jack Kramer was and is the very antithesis of the temperamental tennis stars of the past—Vines, who could be tremendous for one match and just the reverse for the next . . . Wilmer Allison, afflicted with nerves which resulted in jittery, over anxious performance . . . and Bobby Riggs, who was just the opposite, self-centered and oft-times too cocky for his own good.

Pate recalled how Riggs had failed against Australia's Adrian Quist in 1939 after a brilliant exhibition against Jack Bromwich. He remembered, too, the teams we sent abroad to corral individual titles by the dozens at Wimbledon, only to blow when the Davis Cup was placed on the line.

Those were teams which lacked unity, which took physical conditioning lightly and considered the Cup junket a joy ride for its members and their wives. They were teams which had too much temperament to play tennis as a team!

So here Pate was in Australia with Kramer, the perfect team man, the guy who always was the first one at the training table in the Hotel Menzies, Melbourne, who would jump rope to keep his legs in shape, and the one who always broke up the evening bridge game with, "Okay, fellas, it's 10:30; let's hit the hay."

Yet, Kramer, the acknowledged leader, the bed rock boy, the team's ballast, wasn't playing his game and unless he did all else would go for naught and the Cup would not be going back to America.



Off the court "Big Jake" melts into the crowd. Here, with his crew haircut and big, informal straw katy the champ licks his lips and studies an opponent's game



Ma Kramer rewards her boy with a big kiss after 1946 Forest Hill win



Aussie captain bids adieu to U.S. Captain Pate and the Davis Cup. Kramer is third from left. U.S. 1947 defense of Cup coincides with Legion Convention in N. Y.

So it was no wonder you could have sliced the gloom with the blunt edge of a tennis racquet on that December morning in the hotel dining room in Australia. But the cure of Kramer already had been accomplished and it was one that the careful Pate could not have foreseen or been able to effect if he had.

One short-worded cablegram accomplished the miracle, the simple act of a bellboy appearing at the table's edge and bowing as if in apology for breaking in on a wake. The cablegram was addressed to Kramer and the big boyish blond began to read it slowly, his sloping shoulders hunched as if to take the impact of a blow. Then a wide grin cut across his long face and he climbed to his feet.

"Now we play tennis," he said, and then, his voice rising with excitement, "I'm a pop . . . it's a boy . . . !"

The other players flocked around with congratulations. Cap Pate sat back with a gasp of relief. The crisis was over. Seven thousand miles away in Los Angeles new-born David Frederick Kramer had just won back the Davis Cup for the United States by the simple procedure of arriving "on schedule."

It wasn't so much the prospect of fatherhood which had gotten down America's ace, but the fact that his wife, who had urged him to make the Australian trip, was in ill health all through the late stages of her pregnancy. Now that he knew she was safe and well, Kramer began his preparations for the

Cup challenge round, and he was working against time.

"But it was beautiful to behold," says Pate. "Gradually, day after day, he piled on a little more pressure. Unlike the custom in the United States, crowds turn out for the pre-Cup practices in Australia, and at first they were utterly cynical as they waited and waited for Kramer to bring his big game to its zenith. It must be remembered, they had never seen him play before."

Four days before the challenge round, Jack began to show them what aggression can mean in tennis, moving in after a single, court-clearing shot to take complete command. Frank Parker, playing his usual steady, sometimes brilliant game, was swept from the court by Jack's searing, cross-court drives and volleys. In that final practice he beat Parker two sets, then teamed with Ted Schroeder to knock off Parker and Gardner Mulloy at doubles.

The stage was set. Not only was Kramer primed but Frederick (Ted) Schroeder, his long-time doubles sidekick whose name Kramer's new son carries as his middle moniker, was ready, too. Ted, it seemed, had been suctioned along in the whirl of Kramer's preparation until his own performance had become so outstanding that Pate selected him for the second singles berth. Back in the States sportswriters far from the scene arched their brows and wondered why Parker wasn't playing. Did Pate know what he was doing?

The answer came with the first matches, and Walter Pate's reputation hung in the balance. In the opening match of the challenge round (Davis Cup language for *finals*) Schroeder lost the first set and the third to Australia's ace, Jack Bromwich, the two-handed swatter. But Pate breathed more easily as Ted won the other three and gave the U. S. a 1-0 lead for the Cup. Then Schroeder and Kramer—the two pals of long duration—completely turned the trick, the first U. S. two-man Davis Cup team in a quarter of a century.

The two sets Schroeder lost were the only ones the Aussies took in the five matches. Kramer stepped in and simply knocked Dinny Pails' game to pieces in the second match that day, winning in straight sets, and the following afternoon he and Schroeder teamed to hand Bromwich and Adrian Quist a similar shellacking at doubles, clinching the Cup.

Although the Cup was already in Uncle Sam's cupboard, the fans clamored for Kramer to meet Bromwich on the third day. Pate could have given one of the alternates a chance, but when it was suggested in the Aussie newspapers that Bromwich had been off his game against Schroeder and that he would take Kramer, Pate sent in his ace and Bromwich failed to get a single set.

Thus Jack Kramer, the big, lovable, laughing guy who is mayhem with a grin on the court, hit his usual style and America regained the nuge chunk of ornate silver- (Continued on page 40)



Six combat-weary GIs strode in bearing rifles, machine-guns, carbines and musical instruments

This is an answer to the question "Why didn't World War II produce any great martial music?" The GI's hit parade was made up of songs of the long ago and far away

Soldiers Don't Sing War Songs

By DON WHITEHEAD

PHOTOS BY ANTHONY VENTI

WE WERE SITTING in Toots Shor's place, hunched over a mellow Old Fashioned (although many citizens will laugh at hearing of a mellow drink anywhere in New York's Fifties these days or anywhere else) when the talk turned to music and war songs.

"Why is it," a dry-Martini man said, "there were no great war songs in World War Two? Not like there were in the First World War. Nothing as popular as *The Yanks Are Coming, Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag, Tipperary*, and *There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding*."

That was enough to start an argument. A bourbon-with-a-little-water friend retorted: "There were plenty of good war songs. What's wrong with *White Cliffs of Dover*, *This Is The Army*, *Mister Jones*, the catchy Air Corps songs, and lots of others I heard blatted over the radio forty-eight hours a day not counting commercials?"

"I can tell you plenty wrong with bluebirds over Dover," my man-with-a-dry-Martini said. "But what I mean is, there wasn't a song that swept the country and caught on with the troops, not a good marching song that makes you think of World War Two when you hear it—one that will be identified with the war in years to come like *The Yanks Are Coming*."

There was a good deal of wrangling about it and no decision, and soon the talk was all about who was going to stop Notre Dame this year now that Blanchard and Davis are no longer avail-

able to play in the Army backfield.

Me, I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know Beethoven from Bach with pictures. I want my swing on the soft and mellow side, like a good Old Fashioned, and when they play *Clair de Lune* and *Symphony* and *Polonaise* I close my eyes mentally and don't want to be bothered with conversation. Maybe that will give you an idea of my taste in music, which is strictly undeveloped. But I think I know what happened to the war song. It's as extinct as the Dodo.

The man-with-a-Martini is right. There wasn't a good battle song born in World War Two—not one that anybody marched to. There was only one real soldier song—*Lili Marlene*. But that wasn't a marching song. It was a song soldiers listened to with dreams in their eyes. And the fact that Lili was German made no difference. The ballad became the theme song of World War Two for

fighting men of many different nations.

I remembered the first time I heard *Lili Marlene*. Montgomery's tough little Eighth Army had blasted its way through Rommel's El Alamein line and was chasing him across the Western Desert. The Desert Fox had been outmaneuvered and out-gunned by Britain's smart, conceited and cautious little hero. But Rommel was making a magnificent retreat. He didn't lose much until he lost everything in the Tunisian trap.

We reached Hell Fire Pass at dusk and watched tanks, guns, bren carriers, jeeps and lorries streaming up the dusty escarpment rising above the Mediterranean. The whole Army was being squeezed through this bottleneck and so camped for the night and ate cold corned beef and hard biscuits because there could be no fires to guide Luftwaffe planes to the plain chockful of men and equipment.

Near us was a signal outfit and a 51st Highland Division lad tuned in the radio on BBC. "And now," the announcer said in veddy British accents, "Mister Halcombe Thyme-Smythe will tell you an intriguing story of how he and Mrs. Halcombe Thyme-Smythe beautified their dreary front lawn last spring by planting marigolds around the ugly sandbags."

A growl rose from the group of men who had gathered. "Get another bleedin' station, Jock!" . . . "We've got enough sand without 'earing about sandbags!" . . . "Give us Berlin, Jocko, because that's where we're going . . ."

Jock twirled the dials and there was soft music . . . "Hel-lo, Tommy! Lonesome out there in the great big cold desert?" The voice was right out of the bedroom and it whispered and caressed. "Close your eyes and relax and imagine the war is over (*Continued on page 31*)



Is there a World War I doughboy who didn't sing these?

Beware of the Animal

**None of God's creatures,
large or small, wild or tame, will
stand being pushed around**


By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

PHOTOS BY ANTHONY VENTI

A GENERAL OPINION prevails that certain wild creatures are dangerous, and that others are not. This opinion needs a lot of modification. The American hunter or fisherman unquestionably exposes himself to dangers; so do all campers and woodsmen, and all who meet wild things, even in zoos. And it would be well for all such lovers of the wilderness to understand that not the wild creature itself but rather the circumstances under which it is met make the danger. Who would think a gray squirrel dangerous? Yet I once saw a hunter pick up a wounded squirrel; the creature fastened on his forefinger. He attempted to tear it off; the squirrel would not let go, and as a result the man received what was really a grievous lacerated wound.

No, an animal need not be powerful, or known for his ferocity in order to hurt you. And the creature does not have to be wild. A woman has been known to die from the spiteful scratch of a pet kitten. Some so-called harmless snakes which are not armed with organic poison still carry deadly infection on their teeth.

Take no liberties with wild things. I knew a wounded horned owl to rupture with his talons the femoral artery in a man's leg. Percy Selons, son of the famous African hunter, Frederick Selons, kept a pet moccasin. One day, for no apparent reason, it struck him, and he died. Only recently, in Georgia, a woman was seized by the arm by her pet alligator. She had to drag the brute into the house, where it was shot with a pistol. Children have been killed by swans; and both turkey gobblers and geese are dangerous to babies. I have heard of a child having his leg stripped of flesh by a muskellunge, yet we do not think



**Not until they shot
him did the alligator
loosen his grip**

of any North American fresh water fish as being dangerous to man. I knew a man who, at low tide, thrust his whole arm into the burrow of a stone-crab. The creature caught him and held him fast; and had not timely help arrived, he would have been drowned by the rising tide.

Whether people are safe when they visit zoos depends on how they behave. Not long ago a woman in New York stuck her hand through the bars of the polar bear cage. She lost her hand. Quite often, in our National Parks, visitors disregard regulations, and get clawed up by bears. It is their own fault. Regulations of this kind are made by people who understand wild creatures and who have a just appreciation of the danger in dealing with them.

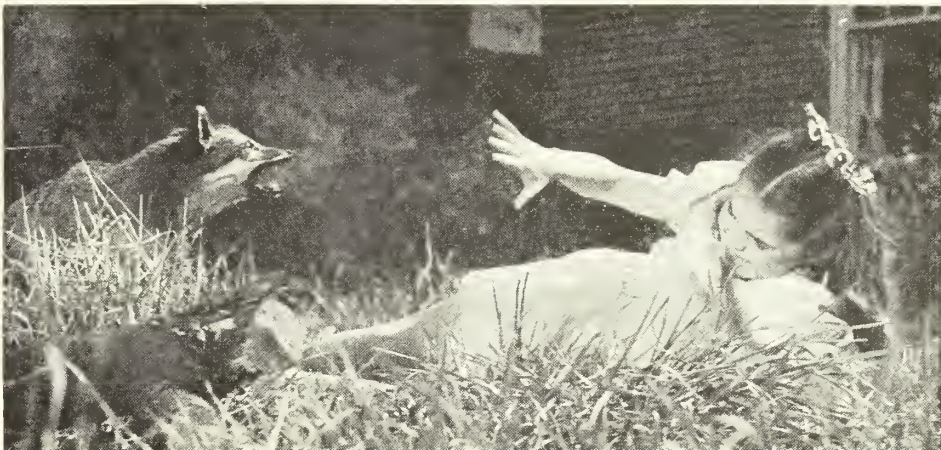
There are certain conditions that make a wild creature dangerous. A rattlesnake is not dangerous if you know what it is and if you see it first. He can strike only about one-third of his length. Except in delivering his stroke, he is deliberate in movement; if you give him a chance he will move off. He is very easily killed. I usually cut a long slender stick that has a whip in it; then, maneuvering him into position, give him a sharp blow behind the head, at the small of the neck. I have killed an eight-foot diamondback in this way. But if a man is unwary; if in rattlesnake country he is careless where he puts his feet; if he climbs rocky ledges without seeing exactly where he is putting his hands; if he gives his attention to one snake when there may be two, he is courting death.

One October, the mating season for rattlesnakes in my part of the country, I was walking at twilight down a dim woodland trail. My heel struck something soft, and I must have jumped ten feet, guessing what it was. Glancing back, I saw a huge male rattlesnake. He had not moved. While trying to collect my wits, I heard a second one rattle. This was the female, some twenty feet away, warning me to keep my distance. The female of this species is invariably larger, more irritable, and more dangerous than the male.

Of late years, especially in the South, hydrophobia has been epidemic among wild foxes. When rabid these normally clever and wary animals lose all fear of man and will attack on sight anything that comes near them. Madness is always a condition that renders a creature, wild or tame, highly menacing to man. Somewhat (Continued on page 45)



Looks like a dangerous situation to the rattlesnake, so he'll strike. The man, of course, is at fault, having created the situation by not looking where he was going in snake country



Most animals attack humans because men put them on the defensive, but berserk creatures and rabid foxes go out of their way to attack humans, without apparent provocation



There are times when a deer will gore or stamp a man. It can happen if the hunter blocks the only avenue of escape which seems to be left for an animal that is frightened or panicky

A Day With a Field Secretary

By **BOYD B. STUTLER**

PHOTOS BY HERB GILES



8³⁰ A. M.

The day starts, with Branca reaching his office in Newark to find a line of men waiting for help and counsel with their problems. First up is Carmin Larocca, Clifton, N. J., WW2 Air Corps veteran



9³⁰ A. M.

The staff takes over interviews, Branca takes to the field in his flivver. Here he is on a "must" call at the home of Legionnaire Harry Anderson, Newark, WW1, bed-ridden the past six years



11⁰⁰ A. M.

An hour later, with patients in General Medical ward, Lyons VA Hospital. Here he's helping Clinton Bennett, Orange, N. J., of the ETO and Pacific wars. Veteran of '98, first bed, gets help, too



10⁰⁰ A. M.

Spring is in the air and youngsters think of baseball. It's time out at Summit to talk organization of Junior Baseball team for his Post. May be a future Bob Feller or Phil Cavarretta in this bunch



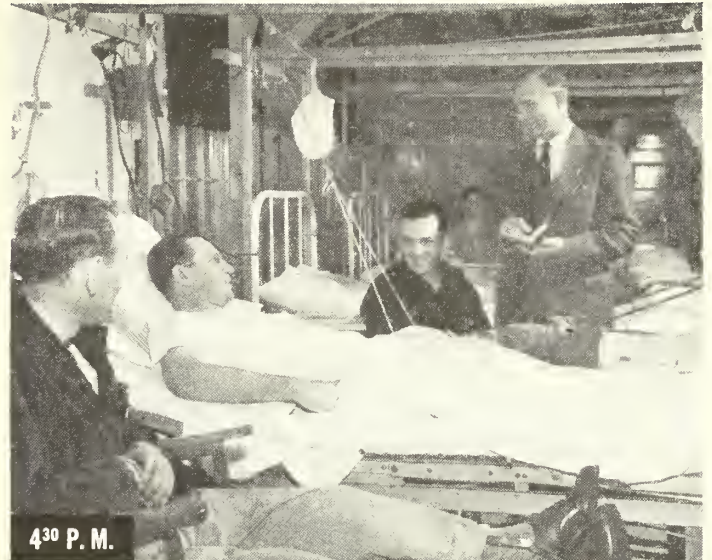
12³⁰ P. M.

Public relations? Yes, a Field Secretary must be ready to discuss the "issues." Branca filled in the noon hour with Millburn Kiwanis Club, talking about Legion's plan for Universal Military Training



1⁴⁵ P. M.

Field Secretaries must know how to present claims after data has been assembled. Branca represents a claimant before a Rating Board at the Newark Veterans' Administration Regional Office



4³⁰ P. M.

Then a break—by flivver 60 miles to Army Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix, where Purple Heart GIs have their own problems. Thomas Meehan, 27 months in hospital bed, finds sure help



5³⁰ P. M.

Word spreads through the wards, a dozen calls for Branca come from wounded GIs. Last call is made in the mess hall, where he nibbles at bits of tasty food while talking to disabled ETO vet



6³⁰ P. M.

Just a short drive back to Trenton, but—no dinner. Department Commander Sam Loveman is waiting at Headquarters to discuss some knotty problems in handling a few child placement cases



7³⁰ P. M.

As hundreds assemble in Memorial Building, Trenton, to hear six high school seniors, winners in their areas, speak for State honors in Legion Oratorical Contest finals, Branca briefs contestants



10⁰⁰ P. M.

Again to the flivver and away to Jersey City to meet with Signal Corps Post. Late, but he makes it and speaks his piece, ending a busy 15-hour day. Another day of duty starts at 8:30 tomorrow.

U. S. Air Power, Limited

(Continued from page 13)

to succeed. Today, our nation is Target One.

This bleak fact makes it all the more important that, as individuals and as a nation, we do all in our power to make another war impossible. We must back the United Nations to the limit. At the same time, in a far from Utopian world, we owe it to ourselves to provide for our own national security.

Every aggressor in history has been a bully. Not one of them, from Sennacherib, the Assyrian, to Adolph Hitler, ever started a war until the victim seemed too weak to defend himself.

As air power played a decisive part in winning the last war, it can have a vital role in preventing another war. The future security of the United States is in the air. Prospects for peace are in direct proportion to the strength with which we man our aerial frontiers; to our ability to knock down, attack and strike back in force. Without adequate air power, we could be putting our necks on the chopping block, asking for the ax.

Air Power, *alone*, cannot safeguard national security. However, it does have qualities possessed by neither ground nor naval forces: It is able to drive home an attack in hours, when days, weeks, even months would be required on land or sea. The destruction following large-scale bomber strikes, or when a single atomic bomb falls, is appalling.

Air Power knows no physical barrier—and that is as true for air forces of other nations as for ours.

Reconstruction of our Air Arm is the most important immediate problem facing the nation.

During the next five to 15 years, "push-

button" warfare, developed in its first crude stages in the conflict just past, may be a factor to be reckoned with, internationally. Much of the talk about guided missiles may be premature, but fantasy of today is the reality of tomorrow.

Our armed forces cannot wait, empty-handed for these developments. While experimenting and testing weapons and techniques of the future, they must actually be equipped with weapons that exist today. The airplane that we have NOW gives us protection. Arms, equipment, or gadgets still on the drawing board, or at the proving ground, have no practical value for fighting if war should break out tomorrow.

Economy in government is the order of the day, and rightly so. However, in view of the grave condition of world affairs, it should be clear that the armed forces are not the proper place at which to begin wholesale pruning.

PLANS carefully worked out by our civilian and military experts set a 55-group combat Air Force as the minimum for national security insurance. The President's budget calls for that figure. The Army Air Forces had previously estimated a rock-bottom need for at least a 70-group defense and striking force.

Reductions contemplated by Congress, at this writing, would cut the number to 35 groups, of which only three groups would be based in the United States. These proposed budget slashes would reduce the planned military procurement of 900 planes to only 500 annually. (The official Air Coordinating Committee recommended a basic yearly production of "3000 military aircraft after peace was fully established. . . ." "This volume," said the Committee, "is required to maintain the reservoir of engineering, tooling, and production skills indispensable for rapid ac-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fortunato Fratto, of Philadelphia, took the Army at its word. Hearing all the time over the radio and reading in the newspaper that the Army wanted more men, he went down to the recruiting station to enlist.

The recruiting officer, however, apologetically turned him down. Fortunato Fratto is 85.

—By Harold Helfer

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

celeration of output" in emergencies.)

While we are crippling our Air Forces, other nations are building theirs. Russia has announced that her military expenditures during 1947 will amount to some 13 billion dollars—four billion dollars more than Congress is expected to authorize for our armed forces.

Modern strategy is no longer geared to armies marching at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, cavalry riding along at seven miles an hour, nor soldiers riding in trucks at 30 miles an hour. The technique of movement for modern, streamlined fighting forces is based on modern vehicles—troop-carrier airplanes. These planes, with speeds of over 200 miles an hour, will be able to cover more than 2000 miles in a day. They can reach almost any troubled spot in the world in a comparatively few hours, accompanied by fighters and bombers. Think of the lightning arrival of 1000 troop carriers, each with 60 soldiers or more, fully equipped. That could be the stunning blow with which a future war could begin.

Present plans for our airborne units call for only 10,000 men. Russia admits that she is training an airborne force of over 100,000. Even with a drastic reduction in her budget, the British will have air forces numerically superior to ours.

Two world wars have cost this country about \$320,330,000,000. What is far more important—in winning wars the hard way, we have lost many thousands of lives, and have thousands more of the lame, the halt, and the blind as reminders of the folly of unpreparedness. Americans have a reputation for being shrewd, far-sighted people. If, in fact, we are, this cruel experience should be more than sufficient to forewarn and forearm us against another such eventuality.

Air Power, as a safeguard for permanent peace, is the first, the main and the last element. To preserve and secure it, there are certain basic fundamentals:

- (1) Maintenance of a strong, modern, permanent Air Force—Army and Navy.
- (2) Adequate and orderly development of domestic air lines.
- (3) Support of a progressive aircraft industry based upon continued technological superiority.
- (4) Progressive and interlocked efforts of our scientists and our military technicians.

IMP-ULSES

by Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

In 1923 General Billy Mitchell called us to task for our gross neglect of air power. His warnings went unheeded. Consequently, in 1939 and 1940, this nation was a fifth-rate, and dangerously weak, air power. War orders from Great Britain and France enabled our aircraft industry to prepare for our own hour of need. Yet, as late as six months before the Germans entered Paris, our law-makers asked, "Whom are you going to fight?"

Before 1939 many people in high office thought mere numbers of airplanes secured Air Power. They completely overlooked the time element. Under the best conditions, it takes a year to train pilots and combat crews to handle military aircraft. Four years elapsed between approval of a plan for a fighting air force, and delivery of peak combat strength on the fighting front. Even more years are required for creation, design, engineering, and testing of equipment. In late 1939 the Army Air Forces drew up the military characteristics of the B-29. The giant bomber first took to the air, experimentally, in 1942. The first flight in combat over Japan had to wait until June 15, 1944.

That is the crux of the whole problem: the necessity for an air industry *in being*. Otherwise, we can have only an Air Force *in memory* or in vague prospect.

Air transportation is indispensable in modern warfare. Our commercial airlines

(Continued on page 30)



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Rest in Peace Willie

By Lt. H. W. Burkhardt, Jr., USN

Willie, the Negro mess boy of our submarine, liked two things—sleep and poker. He spent most of his time in the sack, and the greater part of his waking hours sitting in on the poker game which went on for weeks on end in the crew's mess. No expert at the game, he went \$1500 in debt in the first three weeks.

We were at the time stalking a Jap freighter which we had chased into the harbor of little Kare Jima two days before. We had surfaced in the darkness, keeping a close watch on the mouth of the harbor. I was officer of the deck when Willie came up on deck with a detail bringing garbage from the wardroom. It was the last I saw of him on board.

We dived at dawn after an unsuccessful wait for the freighter. That afternoon we missed Willie. The boat was searched from end to end but Willie was nowhere to be found. The skipper wondered out loud just what sort of official letter to write concerning Willie's disappearance, and I was wondering if he had stayed topside after dumping his trash.

A few minutes later I found him. I should say, I saw him. I was taking periscope looks every few minutes, and while looking around at the nice green scenery of Kare Jima I was startled to see Willie sitting in the top of a large palm. He was waving with all his might and pointing his arm right at me. I couldn't figure out whether he really saw the periscope or if he was just certain that we were there.

I was staring with my mouth flapping open when the skipper sarcastically told me to make way for him

at the periscope. He took a quick look around for planes, then commenced a more leisurely search. To my dismay he stopped his search in the direction of Willie. Suddenly he swung the periscope around and looked in the opposite direction. Taking one quick look he dunked the 'scope.

"Take her deep," he called to the control room. "He's coming right for us."

We went down smoothly.

"It's our freighter," said the skipper, "and he damn near rammed the 'scope. He saw us. Rig for depth charge. Battle stations submerged."

We heard the ship go over us like a train going over a trestle, and waited for the charges. They never came.

We went back to periscope depth and the skipper got a quick set-up as soon as he raised the 'scope. The freighter was just about to disappear when one of our fish hit him. Then we knew why he hadn't dropped any presents for us. He was an ammunition ship and even at that range shook us up badly when he blew sky high.

The skipper was looking over to the west in Willie's direction.

"Look at that!" he ordered me, backing away from the 'scope.

The wooded point of land where Willie had been was wiped clean.

"Poor devil," the skipper muttered.

I knew then that Willie had spotted the ship's masts as it was coming out of the harbor and was trying to tell us. I hadn't understood, but the skipper had.

(Continued from page 29)

must be built up until they have a minimum of 1000 planes that can be turned over, with their crews, to the Army Air Forces in case of emergency. The Army Air Forces should always maintain another 300. Such a force of transports could then carry, with 60 men per plane, at least 60,000 soldiers and their equipment to any place where trouble starts. Crews of the commercial planes must be indoctrinated with our technique of operations. Their planes should have the Army Air Forces' control equipment installed, or provision made for installation. Air travel for important people and vital materials is no longer a hopeful wish, but a necessity.

A vast standing Army, a tremendous Navy, and an effectively powerful Air Force, would be of astronomical cost to this country. Therefore, we must have truly balanced, modernly equipped armed forces. They must be organized to secure maximum efficiency with the least expense to the tax-

payer. We must have continued research, design, and production. Plans for expansion of our armed forces at a much faster rate than we have ever had before should include:

- (1) A sound development program for military equipment—a program insuring the latest types and designs at the earliest possible time. This applies especially to aircraft and their accessories. It also envisions industry organized to swing into production with no delay.
- (2) Industrial mobilization that must cover every step for this rapid expansion: materials, machinery, manpower, manufacturing space, routine for placing orders.
- (3) Legislation to make the program and mobilization plan working realities. We must have legislation that will modernize rules governing procurement, and cut red tape in time of emergency.

- (4) A Policy Board, composed of top representatives from each branch of the government involved. Such a board, established by legislation, must have authority to administer and develop the mobilization plan, set standards, establish production levels and stock piles, assure a reserve of skilled administrative, scientific, and production experts. (In the last war most of these things were everybody's job—and nobody's job.)

To implement this program we must have the necessary funds. These funds will have to come from taxation. The cost cannot be light. But independence has never been bought with pennies, never will be. Penny-insurance in these critical times could well mean national extinction. That sounds alarming. It is. However, from the world viewpoint as well as our own, failure to buttress the United States as the fortress of democracy and of the ideals for which mankind has so long striven—that failure would be a universal disaster.

For, armed by modern science and aided by swift communications, a successful future aggressor nation, once in, would be in a position to stay in. That is what Hitler hoped for when he shouted about his "Thousand-year Reich." And, as we know, his failure to hit the mark was a near-miss, indeed.

One of Air Power's most enthusiastic proponents is The American Legion. Had the Legion's pre-war recommendations on aviation been carried out, the United States would not have entered World War II as a fifth-rate air power. And, in fact, Hitler and the Japs would probably not have dared launch the war.

The Legion believes our country must always retain its leadership in the air; that Air Power means the fundamental of national military strength.

But where is our Air Power? Today it is largely in the hands of historians. Our Air Power of the future is in the hands of all Americans.

We must choose:

Will we have a strong Air Arm which demands respect and will cause possible aggressors to stop and think before starting another war?

Or will we meet enemy bombs with rhetoric, and with frantic and chaotic efforts to prepare for a war which, in that case, we may already have lost?

We alone can solve the problem, make the decision. History, the judgment of the ages, has no use for the vacillating, nor for the "ostrich-like" nations that hide their heads from reality.

Our time for decision is now. We cannot dodge the issue. We either lead the way to peace through Air Power or, through default, lay the way open for another war, terrible beyond imagination.

THE END



SOLDIERS DON'T SING WAR SONGS

(Continued from page 23)

and you are home with your best girl and the lights are low. . . ."

She sang several sentimental songs and then *Lili Marlene*.

*I close my eyes and see your lovely face,
Under the light of our favorite meeting
place . . .*

The men were silent as the melody poured into the night and this woman so far away trying to weaken their fighting spirit went on:

*Give me a rose to show how much you care,
Tie to the stem a lock of golden hair,
For surely tomorrow you'll feel blue,
But then will come a love that's new,
To you, Lili Marlene, to you, Lili Marlene.*

BBC couldn't compete with honey-voiced Axis Sally, the sweetheart of the Desert Rats. Not when she gave the boys good American music and sang *Lili Marlene*.

Funny, but except for *Lili Marlene* soldiers didn't cotton to songs in this war as they did in the last one. Or maybe it isn't funny—because modern warfare doesn't gear itself to song.

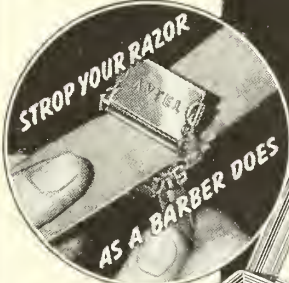
In 1917-18 our troops boarded ships with a "brave song" on their lips and slogged through the mud of France singing. But their sons boarded ships secretly and they had neither the time nor the inclination for song wading ashore on assault landings on the shores of North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. They had no breath for song in the dust of North Africa and Sicily, or climbing the shell-tortured mountains of Italy or driving through France into Ger-

(Continued on page 32)



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

LIKE SHAVING
WITH
NEW BLADE
EVERY TIME



STROPPING
RENEWS EDGE
FOR
EVERY SHAVE



BLADES LAST
AND LAST...
YOU
REALLY SAVE



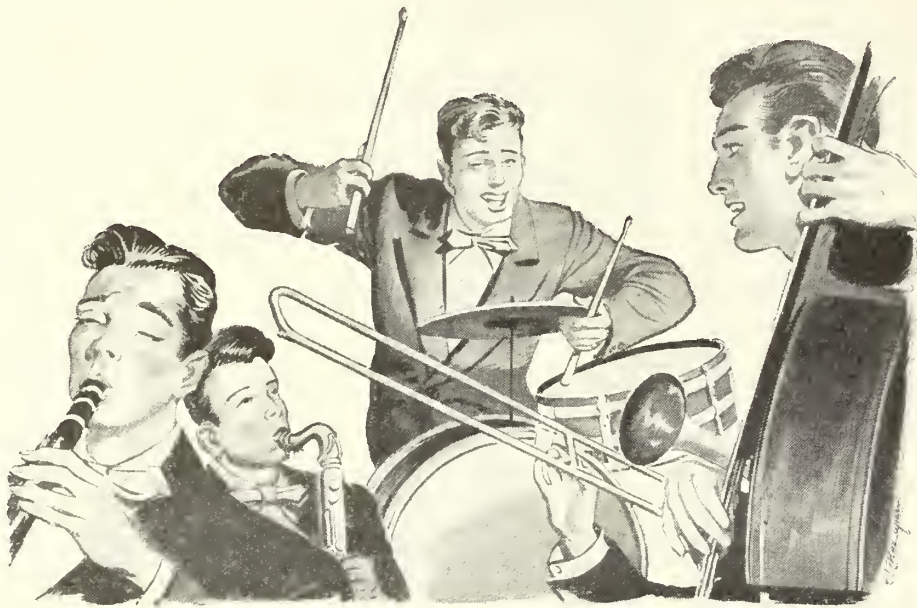
Shave With Speed And Perfect Comfort ... use the **NEW VALET AutoStrop RAZOR**



FIVE FEATURES THAT SPELL QUICK AND EASY SHAVES AT A REAL SAVING

- 1 **SELF-SHARPENING.** Stropping keeps blade shaving like new day after day.
- 2 **ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION.** You clean and strop blade right in razor.
- 3 **STREAMLINE RUNNER-GUARD** protects your face . . . eliminates drag and pull.
- 4 **EASY-OPENING CLIPS** make blade changing a cinch. No fumbling.
- 5 **VALET BLADES** are made of finest razor steel . . . specially tempered for stropping.





Johnny's Selling Music

By Robert M. Hyatt

BEFORE THE WAR this guy, Johnny Catron of Los Angeles, was just like you and me. He had all his hands and feet and everything else we seldom thank God for. Johnny had a promising future in music. He had played bass fiddle for ten years with top flight bands and had done some movie work.

When Johnny came back from war he had only two fingers and a thumb on his right hand, and the fingers wouldn't function. He knew his bass viol days were over. But Johnny didn't sit down and brood. Not him. "I'd always wanted to play the drums, ever since my Oklahoma City high school days," he told me. "It was tough at first but I found that a lot of practice would do the trick."

Johnny wound up at Hamilton Field where he became a regular drummer with the famous ATC Band. There he worked out a routine that was strictly solid. But to Johnny this wasn't enough.

"There must be a lot of other guys in the same boat," he thought. "Why not a band composed of all the handicapped veterans I can find?"

Today Johnny has that band, a 15-piece dance ensemble whose members have lost a hand, a leg or have suffered some other disability. It was launched a few months ago under the sponsorship of the Beverly Hills American Legion Post to which Johnny belongs.

Several of the boys in Catron's band had experience with prominent orchestras. There is Eddie Ricketts, who was a drummer with Stan Kenton. He was shot up badly in the hips and stomach. Then there is Ted Hodges, trombonist, who played with several name bands in the East. Ted lost three fingers in the Air Corps, but he had learned to toot hot licks with seven digits. Just to keep the record straight, two members of the band, Jimmy Pruitt, blind pianist, and lovely Jo Ann Jackson, torch singer, with two artificial legs, are the only non-vets in the outfit. Johnny

wants more disabled players, and he hopes that anyone who reads this and can qualify will get in touch with him.

The question arose during organization, will a band made up of handicapped men be a good thing? To this Johnny replied: "Our band is going to stand on merit alone."

It does. The members are superb music makers. The noted composer Harry Revel said after hearing them, "The boys are sensational." Many top music men agree that this will be one of the nation's leading bands. Watching them you see no bunch of "cripples" cavorting in ungainly maneuvers. Disabilities are cleverly concealed and unsightly disfigurements are totally missing. And that's good, since appearance is mighty important in good band showmanship. The boys make no bid for sympathy and offer no apologies. They don't have to. They stack up with any man's band on strictly even terms, and are playing the top spots.

As a starter they are going to tour the country playing one-night stands. Any chance they get they'll play free of charge for hospitalized vets. Johnny pays his men above union scale on all commitments, which gives them a good living and allows them to put away a few bucks each week.

It is the young drummer-leader's hope that whatever success he and his crew have will stimulate other disabled musicians to put together similar organizations. A musician, he feels, should stick to music if possible. But if he can't, there are dozens of other good-paying lines.

"The essential thing," Johnny advises, "is to get into *something* quick and find a means of making your own way. Don't sit around stewing over your problem. You'll end up with the meemies."

In their own venture, Johnny Catron's troupers are determined to sell themselves to the American public, and make the sale on merit. Says he:

"We're selling music not sympathy!"

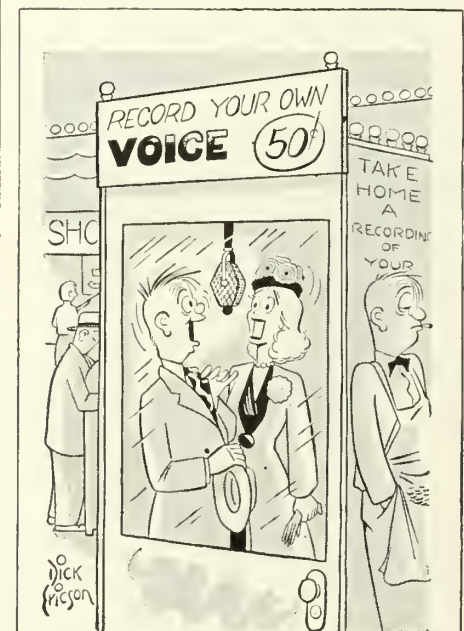
(Continued from page 31)

many accompanied by the thunderous symphony of guns.

They would gather around a piano in the USO and Red Cross clubs in Algiers and Naples and London and Paris to harmonize on old favorites, of course, but they didn't sing going into battle. This one wasn't a singing war. Songs have a place in the light of bivouac campfires or in columns of men marching rhythmically. But that was long ago and today songs are drowned out in the rumble of convoys, clashing gears, clattering tanks and the roar of planes and robots whose iron hearts are loaded with TNT. The battle song of the atomic age hasn't been written and probably never will be, because thunder and blackouts and fear and cynicism provide few popular lyrics, and Americans have never learned to like hymns of hate.

The British and the Aussies sang more than the Americans—probably because they had bawdier songs. Can you imagine any GI infantryman going into attack merrily singing: *Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile!* Why, his own mates would shoot him before he could say Browning automatic rifle.

The British and Aussies were determined singers. Once started, nothing could stop them. The Australians went into Tobruk once singing *The Wizard Of Oz*, and there was the night under the stars near Benghazi when a group of British boys were singing *Bless 'em All*, although they used a more descriptive verb than bless, while German planes droned overhead seeking out the pack trailing Rommel



"I did say something . . . heh heh . . . you say something . . . say something else . . . I'll say something then you say something . . . heh, heh . . . say anything . . . now you say something . . ."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

and exploding bombs around the desert.
In the uproar the Tommies roared:

*Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall
(Cr-a-a-ash!)*

*Bless all the sergeants and W.O.L.s,
Bless all the corporals (Who-o-mmp!)*
*And their bahstard sons,
For we're saying (Bl-a-a-amm!)*
*Goodbye to them all,
As off to their billets they crawl,
There'll be no promotion this side of
the ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all
(Cru-u-u-unch!)*

The boys had started a party and they were determined the Jerries were not going to break it up with anything less than a direct hit.

But I never heard Americans sing in the field like that in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium or Germany—although they loved to listen to music. There never was a town taken by the GI's where a soldier didn't find a battered piano in the ruins and while shells still were whamming around, sit down to knock off a bit of boogie-woogie or *Star Dust*. The tinny tinkle of an old piano was as much a sound of war as the crash of an eighty-eight shell.

There was music in the hearts of the Americans—but there was no song on their lips. There were few places for song



in all the filth and misery and pain and seeing men die—although the warriors expressed their hopes and fears and loneliness and frustration in music frequently, or found an outlet in music.

There was the star-filled night when the second battalion of the Third Infantry Division's Fifteenth Regiment landed behind the German lines on the north shore of Sicily. Their mission was to cut off the

German retreat to Messina and disrupt the enemy's rear. Two days before these same boys had tried a similar operation and now they were going in again and they knew many of them wouldn't come back. It was that kind of a deal. But Patton said go, and they were going.

Thirty minutes before H-hour, we went into the hold of the LST and clambered into amphibious ducks and sat waiting for the signal to start toward the dark enemy-held shore. Dim blue lights cast unearthly shadows and gave a deathly tint to faces under the helmets. The tension was almost unbearable.

But suddenly from out of the gloom in thin, poignant notes came the melody *Night and Day*. Somewhere back there a kid had pulled out his harmonica and was voicing a tender love song without words from the uneasy depths of his soul. It was strictly corn—but there were tears in my eyes when the LST ramp lowered and the ducks moved into the water toward another tragic battle.

For the most part, the GI's taste in music was pretty much the same as his dad's except for the marching and flag-waving songs. He wanted no part of them. One of the most popular songs, borrowed from the British, was a bawdy number which expressed the soldier's real feelings perhaps as accurately as anything ever



Heading for NEW YORK?

Always look for the familiar sign of your neighborly Cities Service dealer . . . he'll help speed you on your way with quality products and his cheerful service, as you stop along the road, helps make every trip a treat.



written and gave him a laugh as he sang it:

*I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war,
I would rather hang around,
Piccadilly underground,
And live off the earnings of a 'igh clawss
lydy,
Don't want a bayonet through me shirt-tail,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I just want to stay in England,
Jolly, jolly England,
Drinkin' me bleedin' life away, hey! hey!
Drinkin' me bleedin' life away!*

But the most popular songs always were reserved for the barracks and barrooms and pubs and night clubs—and the troops rarely carried them into the field. And that's a bleedin' blessin' if you ask me. War songs are for warlike people, and Americans essentially, are not a race of warriors even though we did lick hell out of the enemy. The battle hymn should have no place in America's music.

Americans have ways of expressing themselves in music without the marching song or the song with lyrics of war. Like that night in Liège in September, 1944. The Third Armored Division with the First Infantry Division close behind had liberated Liège and driven the Germans back toward the Siegfried Line.

While artillery snarled sullenly a few miles away and lit the horizon with flashes like the shimmer of summer lightning, the happy Liégoise celebrated their liberation.

The cafés and bars were crowded that evening. There was no curfew. Whiskey, cognac, champagne, wines and liqueurs appeared from hiding places and the sounds of music and revelry grew as dusk deepened into night.

I've forgotten the name of the little night club on the side street near the Grand Hotel. But it doesn't matter. Anybody who was in Liège will remember it. It was like all the others. You entered a doorway into a reception hall and pushed past thick, heavy curtains into bright lights.

There was a small bandstand with a battered piano and a half dozen tired Belgians trying to play Swing Americaine. The small dance floor was packed with Belgian youths, GI's and pretty Belgian girls flushed with excitement. The Germans had forbidden public dancing, but somehow most of the girls had learned to jitterbug and the GI's were teaching those who didn't know.

To the right of the dance floor was a small bar. The tables and wall booths were crowded, but several other correspondents and I found a table being vacated and so we sat down to watch the orchestra manfully and patriotically trying to keep the swing tempo at fever pitch.

The doorway curtain parted and six GI's strode into the room. Their thin, strained young faces were etched with lines of weariness. There was that hollow-

ness to their cheeks that was the badge of men long in combat. Their boots were scarred and dirty, their uniforms battle-stained. Carbines and tommyguns were slung across their shoulders.

"*Les pauvre enfants!*" sighed a woman.

They walked to the bandstand and stacked their weapons against the wall. As the night club looked on in silence, they took their musical instruments from the cases. Without a word, they waved the Belgian musicians aside—all except the drummer—and took their places. A corporal with long, tapering grimy fingers touched the piano's ivory keys gently as though caressing a woman, and let his fingers slide soundlessly and lovingly along the keys.

The trumpet player lifted his horn and then shivers ran up your spine and you hardly dared breathe as those kids rolled into *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. The dancers stood entranced for a moment, and then with a whoop were swept into the throbbing rhythms. Nationalities meant nothing and the night club was transformed into a little bit of America by those youths fresh from battle.

For two hours they kept the dancers whirling, laughing and jitterbugging on each other's feet. And then the tempo changed. The dancers stopped. The music became haunting, melancholy and sad. The music was unshed tears. It was loneliness and heartbreak and longing. It was a protest against fear and suffering and filth and slaughter and boredom. It was the weariness of marching men, deep, heavy weariness. It was a requiem for their pals who would never come back. It was

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Adolph saw stars

One of Adolf Hitler's aberrations was his faith in astrology. The madman's belief that his destiny was guided by the stars was, of course, sheer nonsense, but there were others who took it seriously—notably the British War Department.

Every day, British intelligence officers had astrologers cast Hitler's horoscope and this told them what he would be likely to do at a certain time.

If Hitler is alive today—as many believe he is—he is probably still wondering how the Allies were able to know his occult secrets and forestall his important military moves.

The stars did it.—By Edwin Baird.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

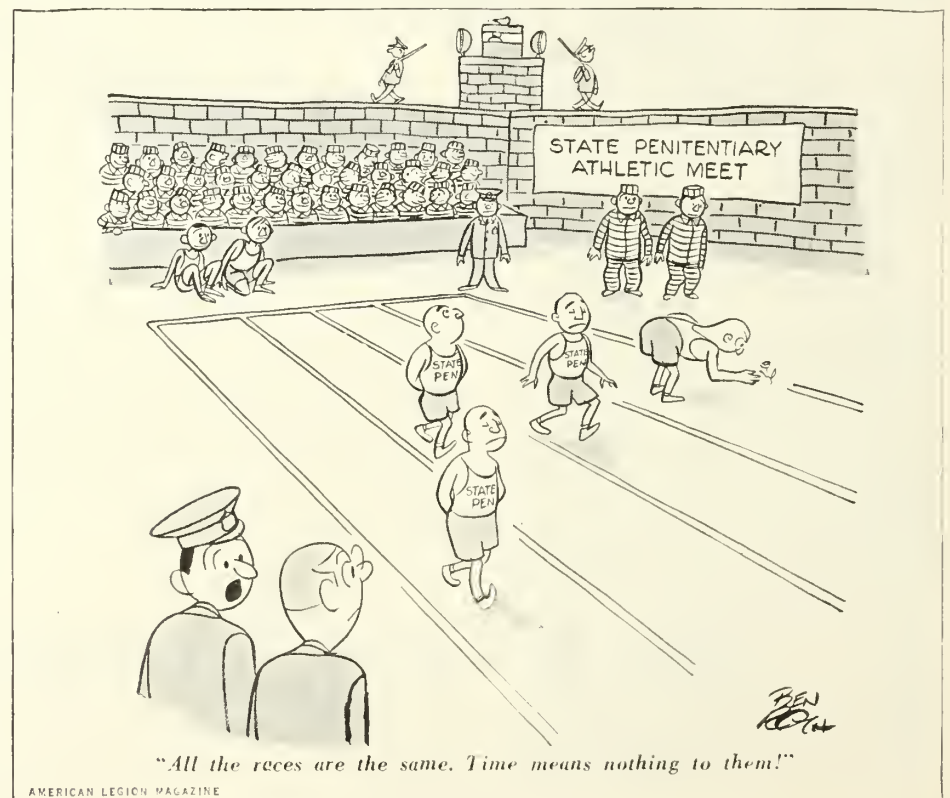
the longing of youth—the longing for the touch of soft lips and the caress of soft hands. It was reaching for the stars and escape from reality.

Those kids were telling a story, saying things they couldn't put into words, breathing their own special lyrics into the melodies of *Star Dust*, and *Who* and *Melancholy Baby* and all the old familiar songs of a faraway life.

Then suddenly they swung into the *Beer Barrel Polka* and the spell was ended and everyone laughed and danced and shouted and the night was gay again.

As abruptly as they entered, the GI musicians piped, "That's all." They put away their instruments and slung their tommyguns and carbines over their shoulders. And they walked back into the night where the rumble of big guns could be heard and their flashes pointed the way into Germany.

THE END





Sweep Down

By Don Stull

It happened precisely at H-hour, D-day, the very moment set for sending our troops onto the beaches at Leyte, touching off the spark of the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

The Seventh Fleet flagship of Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid—the *USS Wasatch*—lay less than a mile off shore. Cruisers, destroyers and a sextette of old battle-ships, some of which had been resurrected from Pearl Harbor graves, were spouting a steel barrage to pave the way for the invading Sixth Army.

Occasionally, through a smoke haze left by belching big guns, appeared the forms of jungle-clad troops piling off landing craft and inching courageously forward, waist-deep in water, toward the far shore.

Nine o'clock that morning of October 20, 1944, was an historic moment to the thousands of American soldiers and sailors taking that strategic step on the road to Tokyo.

To the Navy, however, it was simply nine o'clock. The ship's daily log called for a "sweep down."

And so, precisely at 9 a.m., the *USS Wasatch's* loud speaker system blared forth:

"Sweepers man your brooms—Clean sweep down for' and aft!"

And amid the roaring cannon, the sweepers "swept her down."



HERE'S TO AMERICA'S
NO. 1 QUALITY ALE



It's golden color gives it 'eye appeal'.

It's sparkling goodness gives it 'taste appeal'.

There's plenty of 'proof appeal' in every bottle.

LOOK FOR THE RED TOP ON THE LABEL

**RED
TOP**
Ale



Ever wish you were *Aladdin?*

You remember him ...

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you. Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

Though no magic is involved, there is a way to give you this security. The Payroll Savings Plan. Or, if you're not eligible for the Payroll Plan but have a checking account, the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either way, it's almost unbelievable how quickly your money accumulates.

Where else can you get such a *safe*, generous return on your money (\$4 for every \$3)? It's so simple—so easy, you hardly miss the money that you're saving.

And don't forget—at the same time, you're *making more!*

Next to a magic lamp, there's no better way than this to make sure your future is secure.

Save the easy, automatic way ... with U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine

in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.



THREE SHOTS AT KELSEY

(Continued from page 15)

surface, snugged the butt of the gun against his shoulder, and rested his elbows on his raised knees. Then he looked through the telescope sight.

The big six-power scope brought distant bushes and rocks into sharp focus, though the image jumped around at first from the pounding of his heart. As he steadied, he tried to follow the line of Kelsey's tracks, but soon lost them in the gray light. He turned the scope down the valley to where it curved abruptly left again, a mile away, then began to back-track methodically, swinging from side to side as he worked nearer. After a while, his eye caught a brief flicker of movement diagonally down and across the valley, far over toward the left-hand wall, just as he was turning the glass away from that area. He jerked the scope back instantly, but could find nothing moving.

It could have been a jackrabbit or coyote, Ryan reasoned, but he continued his intent search. Then suddenly he saw Kelsey. He was standing on a trunk-sized boulder and staring back up the canyon. His brown shirt and dark gray jacket blended perfectly into the sage and mesquite beyond him, and his face was shadowed by the battered old campaign hat. As Ryan watched, Kelsey raised a hand to his face and made wiping motions.

Exhaling hard, Ryan consciously relaxed his muscles and thumbed over the rifle's safety lever. A hard grin was frozen on the corners of his mouth, and his nostrils flared white. He wondered fleetingly why the other man had gone from the center of the valley to the far wall—perhaps he'd tried some more track-hiding tricks and was through with straightaway running. It didn't matter.

Ryan raised his head quickly to look over the scope for a naked-eye estimate of the distance. It was a long way, and hard to fix very exactly. At least six hundred yards, maybe six-fifty.

He looked through the scope again, and swore angrily as he realized that the sitting position was not going to be nearly steady enough at that range. The cross-hairs in the center of the image danced all around his target and defied his efforts to bring them to rest where he wanted them. He lurched to his knees and threw himself forward, flat on his belly, then brought the rifle to bear again, his left hand cushioning the wooden stock over the edge of the rock.

Kelsey had moved a step; he was glancing around and buttoning his jacket. Ryan raised the intersection of the cross-hairs to a point about three feet over the other man's head and hurried his trigger squeeze, remembering as he did so to let the vertical cross-hair slide over to the right edge of his target to compensate for the slight wind drift. His pulses were still hammering, and

the cross-hair slid minutely too far. Before he could correct the error, the gun belled and smashed heavily against his shoulder in recoil.

Ryan swore furiously, knowing he had missed, and jerked the bolt handle to slam a fresh cartridge into the chamber. When he found Kelsey in the scope again, the other man was crouched at the edge of his boulder, white face looking directly toward Ryan's position. Before the cross-hairs steadied again, Kelsey jumped into the brush and disappeared.

The scope held steady for a moment longer, but Ryan caught only a couple of split-second glimpses of Kelsey, bending low and running as fast as his game leg would carry him. There was no chance to get in a shot. Wordless anger rumbled in the back of Ryan's throat as he flipped over the safety lever on the rifle and sat up.

KELSEY'S trail was easy to pick up again over by the far hillside. It led straight on, as though its maker were once more depending on speed rather than deception.

Ryan pounded along at a fast lope, his eyes wary. There seemed to be no sound in the world except the gravelly scuff of his low boots and the occasional slapping of brush against his legs. The cold air tasted good in his half-open mouth. He was still running on his toes, with plenty of reserve, and he saw with grim elation how heavy and full Kelsey's prints were, showing the whole foot. There was no spring left in Kelsey's legs. Without breaking stride, Ryan leaned to skim up a handful of snow, stuffed it into his mouth. He felt so good that a little of the feeling of terrible urgency left him.

The valley was growing steadily wider, and a frown began to claw into Ryan's forehead as he ran across stretches of bare rock. At first, it was easy to pick up Kelsey's trail at the other ends of these stony

areas, but they became longer and more frequent. The valley had opened to a mile-wide flat when the tracks finally came to an end on a rocky shelf that wandered clear across the valley, from side to side. Ryan panted out onto the ledge and stopped there, wiping his face and glaring around, all complacency drained out of him. The burning urgency of finding and killing Kelsey *quickly* came flooding back, and he groaned in exasperated indecision.

Beyond the shelf was a vast snow-sprinkled meadow that offered no cover. Ryan was positive that Kelsey had not had time to get across the meadow and out of sight, but he lifted the rifle and scanned the far side through the scope. Then he swung back to look over the hills on either side. No sign of Kelsey.

Ryan drew a deep breath and pictured Kelsey's narrow, clever face in his mind. How would that shifty devil have figured it?

Both of them knew the whole area well. Beyond the craggy hill-wall on the right was the open desert, where Kelsey surely wouldn't go—there was almost no cover and no slightest hope of escape from Ryan's superior speed and the great range of the rifle. Common sense suggested that Kelsey would run for the easier slope of the hillside at the left, which would get him back up into fair cover in wild mountain country. So the left was the obvious smart choice.

That was the tip-off. Ryan ran thought-slitted eyes along the ledge to the left and then turned and sprinted to the right. Kelsey would figure how it would look to a pursuer and then do the opposite—always! He'd sneak and chisel for a half-hour here and fifteen minutes there, hoping for the darkness that might save him.

Ryan grinned tightly a minute later when he came to a place on the ledge where running water had left a thin film of sand. Kelsey was not going to gain his



half hour. Out in the middle of the widest streak of sand—too wide to be jumped—there was a tiny disturbance where a careful foot had not been quite careful enough.

A little farther on, the ledge began to break up, and Kelsey's tracks showed clearly in the softer soil. Ryan's lips skinned back in a happy snarl. It looked for sure like that damned crazy Kelsey was heading for the place where that little canyon cut through the valley wall to the desert! No brush in that canyon, and as soon as they hit the straighter sections, it would be like having Kelsey in a shooting gallery with no side openings. Smash his legs first, and take plenty of time walking up to him, letting him sweat and beg. . . .

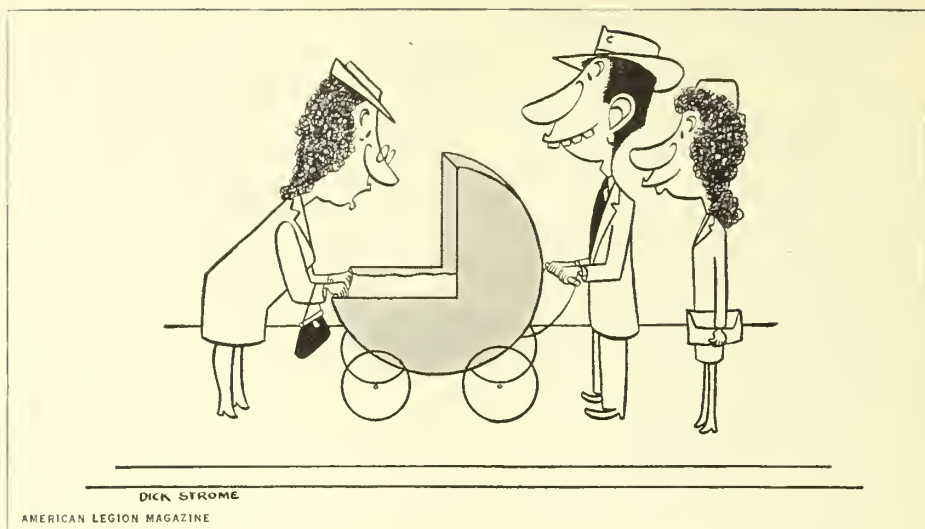
The canyon mouth was less than four hundred yards away when he spotted Kelsey just scuttling into it, out of the protection of the last mesquite. He was running heavily, half staggering, and throwing glances back over his shoulder. Ryan decided against a long-odds standing shot, and Kelsey lurched on out of sight.

Ryan slowed and trotted more easily to let his pumping heart and lungs settle down for the shooting to come. Even at this speed he knew he was making better time than the shambling Kelsey. As he approached the mouth of the cut, Ryan looked over the red-streaked walls and abruptly dropped his pace to a walk, scowling up at the crest. Flaring through his mind was a sudden great idea, a chance for a quick and hugely satisfying pay-off on his knowledge of the ground ahead.

THE little canyon did not cut directly through. It sliced in on an angle to the right for a considerable distance, then turned a sharp 'V' and came back to the left before it headed out to the desert. The crest Ryan was looking at was a sort of wedge between the two long legs of the 'V.' From the top, he would be able to look down into both stretches of the canyon. With just a little hurry, he could get to the top by the time Kelsey turned the point of the 'V' and started coming down the canyon on the far side. Easy range for the powerful weapon in his hand. Ryan licked his lips eagerly, remembering the way the other side of the ridge sloped down to the canyon floor, without any overhangs for Kelsey to huddle under when the slugs began to tear his feet off.

Ryan hastily slid the carrying sling of the rifle over his head and down across his chest, so that the gun hung diagonally at his back. Close at hand, the eighty-foot wall was almost sheer, but a little farther up the canyon the going was easier. He spotted one yard-wide crevice that sliced a jagged path clear to the top; it looked as good as any of half a dozen others he could see farther along the wall, up toward the first bend.

Ryan found plenty of small irregularities for his hands and boots in the first fifty feet of the climb, and he went fast,



enjoying the powerful thrusting and sureness of his big muscles. Then the sides of the chimney became smoother and shallower and he had to slow down, cursing savagely at the delay. It was still easy enough going for a good climber, but it required care; after one look at the sharp rocks far below, he went still slower. He was bracing himself for a long stretch within ten feet of the top when he heard the harsh panting above him and looked up.

Kelsey was standing there, watching him. The little man's spectacles were sky-reflecting circles of blank gray in a gaunt face. His jacket was unbuttoned, and the silver star on the flap of his shirt pocket glinted dully.

Ryan let out his breath in a long groan and leaned his face against the cold rock, careless of the hat that was pushed off and went scaling slowly down.

Kelsey said: "Hello, Mike. Caught you again." His voice was flat and casual.

Ryan did not move, and the man with the star went on talking:

"Always told you you hadn't the brains for a fine gun. You never in the world would of come up here except that you had that gun, would you, Mike?"

Ryan still didn't answer, and Kelsey chuckled dryly. "No, if you hadn't any gun at all, you'd of run me down and wrung my neck inside another mile, sure fire! But you got hypnotized with the notion of throwing slugs around. Turned out the rifle was quite a handicap, didn't it, Mike?" Ryan rolled his forehead against the rock, silent.

"Nothing to say, Mike? You see, I framed you . . . when I found out you'd climb hills and lose time to get a pot-shot at me, I figured where to show a profit on that craving of yours." He chuckled again. "You fell for it, too."

Ryan suddenly threw back his head and glared at the man above him. "You skinny damned buzzard," he said in a strangled voice, "get through with your blowing and pick your meat!"

Kelsey stuck his hands in his pockets,

"No hurry now. Like I was saying, I had to lead you on just fast enough to work the timing and still not give you a chance to blow a hole in my spine—"

"Listen a minute," Ryan interrupted. "I got an idea!"

Kelsey paid no attention. "And since you know this section as well as I do," he went on, "I was sure you'd figure that getting up here was too good to miss. Just like your private slaughterhouse." He paused and kicked at a head-sized boulder, rolling it nearer the top of the crevice.

Ryan heard the sound. He let go with one strained hand and jammed frantic fingers into a lower crack. "Al!" he said hoarsely, "Al, if I drop the rifle and bust it, will you let me climb on down? You can get away easy—I swear to God I'll call it off!"

"Why, I'm not going to drop a rock on you, Mike," Kelsey said mildly. "Not if you behave, anyway. I'm going to take you back and turn you in again, like I set out to do."

He knelt down and reached a hand toward the man in the crevice. "Hand up the rifle, and then you can come up, Mike."

Ryan's narrowed eyes met his for a long moment. Then Ryan wedged a knee into a shallow cleft and freed his right hand to fumble with the sling-strap buckle at his chest.

"That's it, Mike," Kelsey said, watching him steadily. "And don't talk silly; I know you too well. If I let you bust the gun and climb down free, you'd be tearing out my guts with your bare hands inside an hour. Just hand it up here, son, and we'll get on fine."

While Kelsey talked, Ryan undid the strap and leaned to let the rifle swing off his back. He held it pinned with his shoulder against the wall until he could work his hand down to the pistol-grip and get a good hold. Then he took his weight off the gun and lifted it, barrel end up, toward Kelsey's stretching arm.

"That's the style, Mike," Kelsey said. "But just take your finger out of that trig-

ger-guard before—" He broke off and hurled himself sideways just as Ryan got the safety thumbed over and yanked the trigger.

Deafened and jarred by the terrific muzzle blast so close to his head, Kelsey saw the recoiling rifle wrench Ryan's hand back and tear loose from his fingers. It fell glancingly against the clinging man's shoulder, and then went plunging on down toward the rocks below. Kelsey's ears were ringing so that he hardly heard the final smash.

After teetering wildly for a moment, Ryan regained his balance. The men stared at each other, and silence grew in the canyon. Then Ryan laughed harshly.

"You can't blame a man for trying!"

Kelsey got to his feet. "You're a fool, Mike," he said slowly. "I don't think you understand it, yet, that now I don't have any way to protect myself if I let you get out of that crack alive."

Then Ryan did understand, suddenly, and he quit grinning.

"Hey—now wait! . . . Al, that'd be murder, and you're a law-officer!"

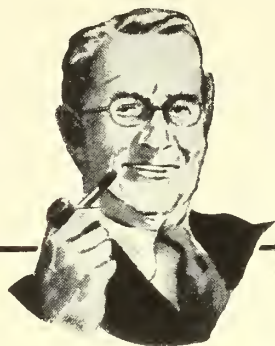
"It's self-protection," Kelsey said soberly. "I haven't figured a crook's life was worth more than mine since I got over being a young pup full of legal ideas." He started to turn away, then leaned back to ask:

"How about it, son, You want to jump, or . . . or wait for it?"

"You're bluffing, damn you!" Ryan yelled. "You can't do it and I know you can't! I'm coming on up there—" He stabbed frantic fingers toward a handhold above his head.

"That's fine, son," Kelsey said approvingly. "It's good for you to believe that; it makes it easier that way." He stepped back and braced his foot against the side of the head-sized boulder.

THE END



From where I sit

by Joe Marsh

Sam Helps with the Dishwashing

Dropped in at the Abernathy's just the other evening—and there was Sam, out in the kitchen with an apron on, helping his missus wash the supper dishes. (And then I learned later he'd helped cook the supper, too.)

Of course, Sam could have settled down into his favorite easy chair, enjoyed his evening glass of beer, and left all the messy kitchenwork to Dixie. But he kind of likes her company—and she in turn certainly appreciates his help.

In fact, sharing the housework and the mealtime chores has become sort of a bond between them . . . like sharing that friendly glass of beer together, when the work is done. It's one of those little all-important things in marriage.

From where I sit, every single minute that a man and wife can spend with each other in this busy world of ours today is all too precious. And the more things that they can do together, the better.

Joe Marsh





Veterans with Ideas

Rod Job

Sunbaked Florida and snowbound Alaska had something in common during the war—Jack Megsamen.

When the army transformed Jack from Manhattan mailman to flight engineer on B-24s and 29s at MacDill Field, Florida, he was impressed by the two-story bamboo poles Tampa Bay fishermen used to pull in their catch. A short time and hundreds of miles later, Jack was grounded near Fairbanks, Alaska, where he spotted a jammed tank's long radio antenna. He saw it had flexibility plus telescopic action. Bing! An idea!

Back in Florida again, Jack took the antenna he had carted south with him, fitted it with crude but functional guides—and he had a fishing pole. A Floridian offered him \$20 for it. This gave him bigger ideas.

Sergeant Megsamen was mustered out in early '45. Losing little time, he dug through priorities and channels to get enough of these antennas to begin business in earnest. With the surplus antennas, \$400 in bank loans, and \$300 mustering-out pay, he launched his all-metal fishing rod business in a one-room "factory" in New York's Bronx. His first rod was turned out January, 1946, and cost him \$9.01. Since then, salt water fishermen have swamped Megsamen with orders for his "Telecana" rods, selling at \$23.75 apiece.

Today the Megsamen all-metal rod comes complete with canvas carrying case, an item added when this former mail-carrier-flight-engineer found thousands of machine gun barrel cases dumped on the market for next to nothing. Sixty rod sets are turned out each day.

But this is not the end of how Jack hit the jackpot. Recently—no one knows why—50,000 Italian fencing foils were shipped into the U. S. Studying these weapons, Megsamen decided he could use them and bought the lot. The outcome is that you can now buy another type of Megsamen fish pole—a very workable two-piece weakfish and flounder rod.

Rod-maker Megsamen hopes he can work a plan where some of the piecwork on his Telecana rods can be done by convalescent vets. "If I can place winding rigs in the hospitals," he says, "I can show the boys how to earn up to \$16 a day, just winding nylon on rods."

—By John Schwitzke.

Shopper Lifters

Marvin Pooley, when mustered out as tech sergeant in the 457th Fighter Squadron, looked at his hometown mile-high Denver, Colorado. His first impression was of irritated citizens playing "go to Jerusalem" with parking meters 'round and 'round the busy city streets. He figured something ought to be done.

Putting his head together with friend Marvin Goldfarb's, an idea was born. Why not set up a place where shoppers could park off the main stem and be whisked to town in station wagons? They approached department store managers who were soon enthusiastic: shuttling people to their doorsteps would increase business.

Pooley and Goldfarb rented a large lot from the city, made down payments on six shiny new station wagons, and Shoppers Parking Service, Inc., went into action, July, 1946. Seventy cars turned up that first day. Folks who tried the new service liked it—they saved on gas, tires and nerves. Courteous veterans chauffeured them to downtown stores in a jiffy. Second day, business doubled.

Now more than 16,000 people use quick, polite Shoppers Parking Service each month. Customers can have their autos washed, gassed and oiled while they shop, and a direct phone wire to the big stores makes it easy for a patron to call the lot and have his car all set to go when the shuttle wagon brings him back.

Giving employment to several vets, speeding shoppers and boosting store sales, the Pooley-Goldfarb venture also helps alleviate Denver's traffic jam by removing nearly a thousand cars from the business district tangle. This gives other cars up to thirty square blocks of extra parking space one hour per day.

Recently a mother with five children in tow pulled away in her car leaving one of the small fry behind. An SPS driver speedily tucked him in a station wagon and chased twenty blocks to catch the mother and return the kid. Offshoot of this episode was that the boys now plan to park babies as well as automobiles. They will build a nursery on a vacant lot near their car park and have already lined up a registered nurse who'd like to be baby-sitter in a big way.

—By Sam LaVallee.

Combat Was a Snap

Life in Omaha seemed dull when the Hannon boys came back from war—Jim, 24, was fighter pilot in the ETO; Bill, 27, an AAF sergeant; and Dick, 21, sailed the briny with USN. What these three are doing in Omaha today makes combat seem like a rest cure.

They are putting to work their idea that you can teach a woman how to drive a car by using efficient air force methods. First, the lady learners are put through a "ground school" where they learn about gadgets that make the car go, traffic rules, and safety precautions. When they check out in this, one of the Hannons takes them on their first "hop" in a special dual-control car and briefs them on how to turn, park, accelerate, and "especially," says Bill, "how to stop." In case a student "blanks out," the instructor can stop the car instantly with his own set of brakes.

Lately, the Hannons have expanded their program to include a few men and teenage boys, but their main emphasis is on teaching the little woman how to handle that infernal four-wheeled machine.

"It's a nice way to make a living," say Jim, Dick and Bill. "And you never know what's going to happen next."

—By Dan Valentine.

MILD MANNERED TORNADO

(Continued from page 21)

ware emblematic of world tennis supremacy.

This month it will be a top news story if for any reason Kramer does not play in the defense of the cup he and Schroeder won in Australia. Yet among tennis players Kramer, the surest of all bets to hold down a post on the national team, is a queer duck. The country is full of lads like him, but seldom do any of them become Amateur Tennis Player Number One.

Kramer is the American Boy. You might see his counterpart as a fun-loving spectator at a jive contest, or working summers as a life-guard at a beach resort, or as the kid who makes second string end on the football team, who never misses practice but has too much fun to impress the coach.

You see Jack Kramer all over America, but never expect to see him holding the center of the stage. After you've said he's a killer on the court you can't say any more about him that seems to distinguish him, except that Jack Kramer's a helluva likeable guy.

Some claim that a prima donna temperament is a necessary ingredient in the make-up of a tennis star. They point to the Tildens and the Helen Wills Moodys as examples. Others say that a tennis star, because of the individual pressure of the game, must at least be taut, nervous, single-minded, abrupt. But the story of Jack Kramer shows that if you have the athletic ability you can get to the top by being a lovable fellow and having a healthy attitude toward the game.

Jack Kramer blew up just once on a tennis court, and his Dad put a stop to that.

The lesson was administered at a school



"Happiest Haul of the Day!"



Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copy. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

match on the San Bernardino, California, high school courts where Jack played his first tennis after the family had moved to that fruit valley town from Las Vegas, Nevada, where he was born, August 1, 1921. During this match the opposing coach, stepping in to act as a judge, had begun to call foot-faults on Jack, and Master Kramer exploded, but good. So did his game, with the result that not only did he lose his match but his team took a trouncing as well.

"Dad just walked over and picked up my racquets," Kramer recalls, "never saying a word but leading me off behind the courts. It was then he gave me my first man-to-man talking-to, and it really sank in. . . ."

The wind-up, and Jack remembers it well, was ". . . let nothing bother you out on that court, ever! Or you're all through with sports!"

That was only the starter in the development of what was to be a unique star—a tennis player without tantrums.

Having scolded his boy Dad Kramer took him to see Perry T. Jones, known as Pep because he's as mild as Jack Kramer, is Secretary of the Southern California Tennis Association and Manager of the Pacific Southwest Tournament. That doesn't sound like too much in this great big country, but it is quite a lot. It is in Southern California that potential tennis players grow like grapes on the vine. It is in competition that potential tennis players become tennis players. And it just happens that Perry T. Jones controls the purse-strings for amateur tennis junkets in that region, the junkets which provide the far-flung competition that makes tennis players of potential tennis players. So Perry T. Jones is nobody else but Uncle Tennis, the Christopher Columbus, Mother Superior and Dean of all young tennis players with promise in that sun-kissed land of bronzed athletes. Jones was in a position to help the Kramer boy if he would.

Like many California lads Jack Kramer had budding ability. How much of a break he would get would depend upon his temperament and the temperament of Perry T. Jones. Jones is a mild, hard, methodical man. You can find in his tiny office in the Los Angeles Tennis Club charts, graphs, and card-index filing systems on the champs of the 1930s and '40s when they were youngsters. There are the names of Vines, Riggs, Budge and Schroeder, and all the champs we've had since 1930 except two. Jack Kramer's name was already in those files, had been since he was thirteen. So were the names of many of his contemporaries. But Uncle Tennis is careful. He slows down the over-ambitious, sees that sportsmanship is practiced to the hilt, insists that budding champs concentrate in favor of tennis to the exclusion of the lighter things of teen age life like beach parties, dances and general gadding about. Kramer loved those, but he had to

love Pep Jones and tennis more, or else. And Jones detests Barrymore tennis in his youngsters. So Jack Kramer's serious but unselfish devotion to the game, his tennis ability combined with good nature, made him just like that with Perry T. Jones.

Jones wasn't the only one to succumb to Jack's likeable characteristics—his good nature, his quick grin and easy sportsmanship. There were many others, and they all helped him along the way, aided him in the development of a game which Schroeder says is "just like his character, straight from the shoulder."

Kramer's un-tennis-like sunny disposition enslaved other bigwigs of the game. Dick Skeen, California pro, had already taken the husky tow-head under his wing because he liked him. Cliff Roche, member of the L. A. Tennis Club met Jack in a friendly game of doubles and was smitten with affection and faith. Ellsworth Vines, through with tennis and hard at work making a big-time golfer of himself, came back to the court informally to appoint himself Kramer's personal tutor. That kind of tutelage would have ruined a wealthier father than Dad Kramer, but Skeen, Roche and Vines did it all for free, for "Big Jake," the boy they liked. Vines' coaching couldn't have been bought.

IN 1938 Jack was ready for the big time. The rest of the story reads like a fairy tale, with intermissions.

When Jones first sent Jack out to conquer the tennis world in 1938, which meant an expense-paid trip east to play in the big grass court tournaments, he knew he had a potential champ, that his latest sun-kissed son would bring home the title to California. It was only a question of time, but it took longer than even Pep figured on, for a war intervened.

Naturally, Jack wasn't supposed to pick up all the marbles on his first junket. But

he did just fine, because Walter Pate caught that one glimpse of him at Rye, New York, and saw the beginnings of the "big" game, the one based on attack from the word go, and on that day it was good enough for young Kramer, just turned 17, to upset Elwood Cooke, coming from behind in the clutch set with his "big" belting.

Right then and there Pate tabbed Kramer for future reference. He knew a nation's Davis Cup chances always had depended on one outstanding star. In 1939 America didn't have one—and lost the mug. But we had Budge in 1938 and 1937. And before that the English had Fred Perry, and going back further, the French reigned in racquets with such as Borotra, LaCoste, Cochet and Brugnon, all the way down the line to our own despotic days of the Big and Little Bills—Tilden and Johnston.

So, a year later Pate pulled out the name Kramer for the 1939 Davis Cup doubles and after that Jack's rise was slow but sure—the national doubles title with Schroeder in 1940, then on to the semi-finals at Forest Hills . . . victories over Riggs, Parker and Wood . . . the quarter-finals of the nationals in 1941 . . .

Kramer has had more than a fair share of bum breaks in the form of illness and injury, but they've only served to whet his championship mettle, and in some cases to teach him valuable lessons. He missed the entire 1942 campaign, just when he was hitting his peak, due to appendicitis. Then, just after entering the service, he went to the 1943 championships at Forest Hills on furlough from the Coast Guard as a Seaman 2/c, banging his way to the finals where he played the late Navy Lt. (j.g.) Joe Hunt for the big crown.

That is, he attempted to play. A stomach full of unaccustomed clams convinced Jack that there's one thing an athlete has to





AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

watch above all else—and that is his diet.

Yet there wasn't the hint of an alibi after he'd lost, and no show of temperament, although it was obvious the big fellow was playing under a physical handicap. The same held true at Wimbledon a year ago when Jack was beaten by Jaroslav Drohny, the Czech, in five brutal sets. He went into the match with a badly blistered right hand, the palm one huge fester so tender he had to protect it with a glove.

In the 32-game second set, won by Drohny, Jack had to halt and apply adhesive tape to new blisters and, finally, to remove the protective covering completely because it became so slippery from the liquid which was oozing out of the sores.

Again, no prima donna display. After Drohny won, 2-6, 17-15, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, the British newsmen gathered to interview the American on his unexpected defeat, all of them intent on the alibi of the blisters.

Although his wife was beside him after seeing her husband whipped for the first time, Kramer indulged in no grand-stand play on excuses. He asked for the journalists' attention. Then he said, "If you want an excuse you can dig one up. I don't want one. Drohny is an expert, and he was the better man." And he went to the shower.

Pep Jones and his Dad would have been mighty proud of their tennis player without a temperament at that moment.

Out of the Coast Guard as a Lieutenant (j.g.) after 18 months of sea duty in an LST, with landings at Leyte, Lingayen Gulf and Pacific way-stations. Jack played but two sessions of tennis in the year-and-a-half stretch following his loss to Hunt and the clams at Forest Hills in 1943. And when he was discharged in March of 1946 he couldn't hit a ball in the court for weeks, yet it seemed that all his friends flocked to his side—Mom, Dad, and Gloria, of course, and Dick Skeen. Ellie Vines, Cliff Roche, Walter Pate and Pep Jones—most of all the redoubtable Pep.

"With a mob like that behind you," grins Jake, "what could a fellow do but win the title and help bring back the Cup?"

The answer is obvious, of course. A fellow could be a temperamental tennis star, but then he wouldn't be "Big Jake" Kramer, mild-mannered tornado of the tennis courts.

THE END

AUGUST 1st— *help keep his* EYE ON THE SKY!



ON AUGUST 1st, the Air Forces request the help of your powerful organization to assist them in acquainting every American with our flying fighting arm. This will be "Air Force Day." At every Army airfield from Coast to Coast, the AAF will be on review.

The story of incredible achievement in a comparatively short time, the history-making results of its continuing research, the functions of the Tactical Air Command, the Strategic Air Command, the Air Defense Command, the Air Wing of the National Guard, the Air Reserve and the Air University will be explained and dramatized.

The American people must know their Air Forces to appreciate and support this vital arm of defense. We cannot afford apathy at this critical

moment in world affairs. The powerful support of your organization—in helping to publicize this event, in helping to steer promising young men into a worth-while career in the air—will be a laudable public service.

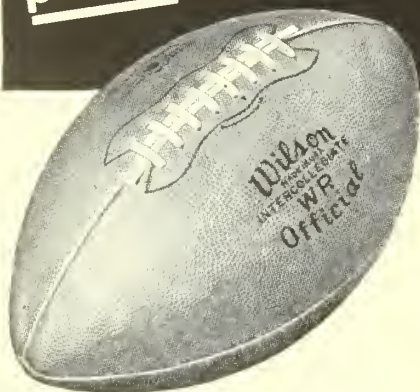
Contact every qualified man you can think of—ones you feel sure can meet the AAF's high standards. Air power today means peace power tomorrow.



URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN YOU KNOW TO ENLIST NOW!

★ U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE ★

Here's a "VET"
that's seen
plenty of service!



Dawn through the years, the famed Wilson WR has been recognized for distinguished service across the nation's gridirons . . . It's become the choice of leading school, college and pro teams . . . So, it's only natural that once again the WR will be in on the kick-off at the annual All-Star classic in Chicago's Soldiers' Field.

It's as much a part of football as your favorite version of the T formation . . . And, in its own way, just as important! The specially tanned leather and modern design insure better ball handling on every play . . . Triple lining gives it the durability of the first team line . . . It's easy to see why the WR is the winner.

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities
(A Wilson & Co., Inc., subsidiary)



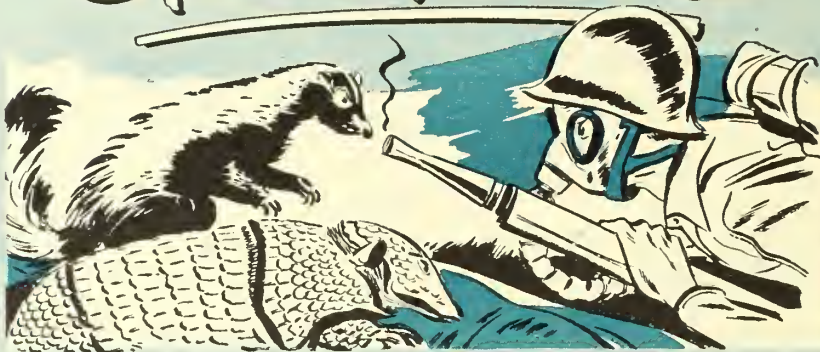
TUNE IN!

Again . . . Wilson brings you Harry Wismer's exciting play-by-play account of this season's All-Star football classic over Mutual Broadcasting System from coast to coast. Don't miss it! August 22nd.

It's
Wilson
TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



Sports Varieties



Nature's Ahead of Us

OUR MODERN DEVICES of warfare are, after all, just second hand copies of gadgets Mother Nature invented long ago:

Smoke screen: When attacked the cuttlefish hides in an inky cloud he makes in the water. **Radar:** Bats emit high-pitched sounds which guide them through dark caves. **Tank:** The tortoise, nuf said. **Jet propulsion:** The squid propels himself forward in rocket fashion by shooting water backward through a tube.

Poison-gas: Ever hear of a skunk? **Armored car:** The armadillo zips around entirely encased in a coat of mail. **Camouflage:** The chameleon changes its color to conform to its background. Mother nature has no atomic bomb, but then, who wants to blow himself to blazes?—By David Gordon.

Full House

WHILE MOTORING through a southern state last fall I came to a cross-road at which the signs were so weather-beaten I could not tell which road to take. Not far from the road I found a mountain man who was chopping small branches from a huge oak tree, newly felled, and he gave me the right directions. I lingered. "That's a big oak," I allowed,



"but it isn't much wood. It looks hollow from end to end. Sort a waste of work to cut it down."

"Didn't cut it for the wood," he said, "I'm squirrel huntin', and I chased one o' the varmints into it."

"Come, come! You didn't do all that work just to get one squirrel!"

He screwed his face into a devilish grin and snorted. "One squirrel! Lordy no! Saw a gray squirrel go into the bottom hole and quick as a flash he comes out the top. Then he scampers down the tree and goes into the bottom hole again. After he's done that about twenty times I see what's happened, and I get the saw and cut the oak."

"You see, I got forty-nine squirrels out

of that tree. Only forty-eight could hide in it, so when one more went in the bottom he pushed one out the top."—By Thomas W. Carty.

Why Russia Distrusts Us

SERGEI KALMIKOFF, gigantic Siberian wrestler, was the butt of many practical jokes on his American tour. He became so suspicious of would-be pranksters that he went to extremes to foil them. In an outdoor match one night a green fly settled on Kalmikoff's shoulder and proceeded to bite him. The Siberian was on the verge of pinning his opponent but the stinging fly was making him lose his grip.



Referee Bothner swiped at the fly in order to help the twitching Sergei. As he struck Kalmikoff on the shoulder and the fly zipped away the Siberian leaped triumphantly to his feet. The referee's tap is the sign of victory in wrestling and Sergei had taken it as such. No amount of coaxing would induce him to continue the match. He was positive they were trying to kid him into losing when he had won. Reading of his disqualification in an American Russian-language paper next day, Sergei shook his head knowingly. "These Americans are not only jokers," he said, "they are thieves besides."—By Robert R. Richards.

Cradles of Baseball

ACCORDING TO the *Atlanta Journal*, which went ahead and made a study of the matter, Illinois has produced more of the current major league baseball players than any other state. The *Journal's* study shows that seventy big leaguers come from Illinois. Other leading states, in order, are: California, 68; Pennsylvania, 56; New York, 50; Ohio, 38; Missouri, 38; North Carolina, 36; Georgia, 19; Massachusetts, 17; Virginia, 16, and Washington, 16. At the time of the study there were no big leaguers from Vermont, Maine, Delaware, Montana, Nevada or Wyoming. Chicago, with 30, leads all cities.

By Harold Hefner.

BEWARE OF THE ANIMAL

(Continued from page 25)

akin to it is a kind of hysteria to which animals are occasionally subject. You might suppose a bull to be dangerous, and a heifer not. But while I believe no bull on earth is to be fully trusted, he is not subject to hysteria. The heifer, perhaps because of her more complex nervous temperament, is. Men who know cattle better than I do tell me that a "daft heifer," as they call her, is likely to put a man in peril of his life. Then, too, animals that are neither diseased nor hysterical may be just moody. Beware of them. They are out of sorts; they are not normal; and they will do abnormal things.

All my life, a life that has been lived in the wilderness, I have been against the idea that certain creatures will hurt you and others will not. I have heard grave scientists assert, as only a scientist can, that a shark will not really hurt a man. Well, all I know is that I have helped to find all that was left of three men who had been killed and partly eaten by sharks; and what I saw was far more convincing than any arm-chair argument. I have heard it said that the alligator is a harmless creature. I have been with these surly old brigands all my life, and I would not trust one. The trouble is that these creatures have not read the books that say that they will harm no one. A good principle to follow is this: if a mild creature *can* hurt you, be careful. He probably has plenty of power to do so; and he just may be in the mood.

One condition that makes almost any wild thing dangerous is cornering him, so that he must fight his way out, or thinks he must. It is not actually necessary to corner him; just give him that general impression, and he will likely come for you.

In approaching a wild thing that has the capacity to do you harm, you had better let him have an avenue of escape unless you are well armed and are a good shot. What makes him attack you is not that he is naturally ferocious, but that he is frantic with fear. Given any kind of chance to escape, practically every wild thing in our country will flee the sight or the scent of man as if seven devils were after him. The wolf, the puma, the black bear, and even the grizzly, under normal conditions, ask nothing better than to be able to put as much distance between themselves and human being as they can, and as fast as they can.

An unarmed eastern city boy hiking along a narrow trail in the Sierra Nevada range in California a few years ago came face to face with a mountain lion. The boy and the lion were headed in facing directions. Each stopped, glared at the other, and held his ground. A cliff on the boy's left dropped a thousand feet to a tiny river, and on his right the mountain wall rose abruptly. The boy suddenly remembered having read magazine articles which showed that men hunt lions with dogs, so he started barking and yelping at the beast.

That was enough for the lion. In a flash it scurried up the seemingly unsurmountable mountain wall and disappeared over a hump, while the boy continued his hike, unmolested. Sounds simple, but always remember that a set of circumstances can produce the opposite result.

The female of any species is liable to be a trouble-maker, especially if she has young. In marked contrast to the boy who frightened a lion is an experience of mine with a turkey.

One day in the late spring I came suddenly on a wild turkey hen and her brood.



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Official Insignia
Lighter must be
purchased thru
the Emblem Division,
The American Legion,
Indianapolis, Ind.

ZIPPO

Windproof

LIGHTER

The Lighter that made
the World Lighter-Conscious

ZIPPO MFG. CO. BRADFORD, PA.

It's a Gift to be constantly remembered after other gifts are forgotten. Silverlike case with The American Legion Emblem \$3.25. Also plain \$2.50 without American Legion Emblem. 3 initials or signature \$1.00 extra. At all better dealers.

MECHANICS • HOME STUDY

Step up your own skill with facts & figures of your trade. Audels Mechanics Guides contain Practical Inside Trade Information in handy form. Fully illustrated. Easy to Understand. Highly Endorsed. (Check book you want for 7 days' Free Examination. Send no Money. Nothing to pay postman.)
☐ Carpentry \$6 • ☐ Auto \$4 • ☐ Oil Burners \$1
☐ Sheet Metal \$1 • ☐ Welding \$1 • ☐ Refrigeration \$4
☐ Plumbing \$6 • ☐ Masonry \$6 • ☐ Painting \$2 • ☐ Radio \$4
☐ Electricity \$4 • ☐ Mathematics \$2 • ☐ Steam Engineers \$4
☐ Machinist \$4 • ☐ Blueprint \$2 • ☐ Diesel \$2 • ☐ Drawing \$2.
 If satisfied you pay only \$1 a month until price is paid.
AUDEL, Publishers, 49 W. 23 St., New York 10, N. Y.



REEVES FABRICS

make strong, sturdy

UNIFORMS...WORK AND SPORT CLOTHES

Ask your dealer for uniforms, work and sport clothes of Reeves Fabrics. Reeves Army Twill*, of which Uncle Sam bought 90 million yards, insures extra wearability and good looks. Demand Glengarry Poplin* for matching shirts.

*Sanforized—residual shrinkage less than 1%



REEVES BROS., INC.

54 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

She flew violently right into my face, beating me with her wings, pecking me, and scratching me with her claws in standard termagant fashion. I do not say that wild turkey mothers always do this. But there were some circumstances here that made this one think that such behavior was the best protection for her babies.

In my part of America, near the Carolina coast, the country is heavily wooded. There is a good deal of free range; and both hogs and cattle go practically wild. It is a very dangerous thing, in those spring-time woods, to come on the little calf of a wild cow. She is probably standing near, motionless and concealed; and if you approach her calf, she is likely to come for you like a wounded Cape Buffalo. I have had several narrow e-scapes from charges of that kind.

In my country are found also a great many wild hogs. These are generally from good stock that has gone wild for a few generations; and their blood enables them to attain enormous size. I have killed a wild boar that weighed 600 pounds. But while, when cornered, the boar can be an exceedingly dangerous brute, the wild sow with her young is really more to be dreaded. Under ordinary circumstances, all these creatures will run from a man. But there is something about motherhood, both human and animal, that gives it a ferocity and a drive that no male ever possesses.

Another circumstance that renders a creature dangerous is its being wounded. A wounded bear can be a savage antagonist. I have been foolish enough to go in on a wounded wildcat; and I got enough wildcat to last me all my life. If he had not been wounded, or if I had not come within his reach, he never would have bothered me. I have had some close encounters with wounded bucks. Except in captivity, and in the mating season, I doubt if a buck will ever deliberately attack a man. And I do not believe that a wounded buck really attacks. What he is trying to do is to get away; and in the course of his struggle he may do you serious injury. On one occasion an old friend of mine who weighed over 200 pounds crippled a buck. The creature came to bay in a shallow pond. The hunter undertook to wade out in the mud and water and lay hold of the deer's horns to throw him down. The buck drove one tine clear through the palm of the man's hand, threw him down in the water, and was trampling him badly when I came up. It was only after I had shot the buck that we could withdraw the tine from the man's hand. If I had not happened on the scene, I believe the deer might have injured the man fatally with his horns and lance-like front hoofs.

On another occasion one of my deer-drivers, on a very cold day, when he had on a great many clothes, tackled a wounded buck for me. I don't know exactly how it happened, but when the deer had done

his work, the driver had hardly a rag left on him. At another time, I was one of a party of hunters who surrounded a small thicket into which a wounded buck had gone. The deer broke cover at great speed, and ran literally head-on into one of the men, who spent three weeks in a hospital. Now, I do not think this was a charge. I believe it was a wild incontinent rush, and that the hunter had been unfortunate enough to be directly in the buck's path, and either made no effort to get out of the way, or had no chance to do so. If a buck is down, and yet still shows life, it is both safe and merciful to shoot him again.

While all wolves and mountain lions are natural predators, there are some who are peculiar destroyers; and almost always such creatures have more than their share of cunning. On many of the great ranches of the West certain wolves have so pronounced a personality that they have been given names such as El Comanche, El Lobo Diablo, and Old Peg Leg. If one word can describe these rogue animals, that word is *mean*. They are animal outlaws.

In the wilds accidents are likely to happen even to the best woodsman. Yet, in our country at least, and insofar as danger from wild creatures is concerned, a man will be safe if he is exceedingly wary about females of the various species, especially when they have young; if he will desist from teasing anything; if he will be very careful about putting his feet or his hands in snaky places; if he will keep

a wary eye on any animal that is wounded or moody; if he will, unless he has complete command of the situation, avoid cornering anything, even a rat; and if he will always remember, regardless of what all the books say to the contrary, that if a wild thing *can* hurt him, he ought to be careful. He never knows when he may meet a rogue.

It sometimes happens that a harmless prank, or what was meant to be one, will bring a man into a lot of trouble. This is true in dealing with animals, wild or tame. It is courting danger to play practical jokes on them or to tease them. They have no sense of humor—at least not ours. They are likely to interpret teasing as tormenting; and they will not stand it. Even an animal pet resents being teased.

Every now and then one sees a sign, Beware of the Bull, Beware of the Dog, etc. Only a fool would fail to be cautious. We too often take the attitude that, while accidents do happen, nothing can ever happen to us. And we fail to remember that we are dealing with instinctive defense—devoid of reason. Animals do not think and act as we do, though it must be admitted that both brute and man are singularly alike in one trait: they are liable to strike back blindly, if they get pushed around. With a man, this pushing around usually has to be actual; but with a brute, even the semblance of it will make him turn on you. And if he does, you can't argue with him. He's going to fight.

THE END



"What in the world do you suppose could be delaying Wilson?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

THIS IS NEW YORK

(Continued from page 11)

She's a wonderful cook. There's no type or kind of good food that you can't get and, authorities assure us, better cooked than anywhere else in the world. Finding it is merely a matter of casual inquiry, not thorough investigation.

Of course, New Yorkers think the best show in New York is New York itself. The pulsating lights of Times Square are part of every New Yorker's heartbeat. Love of life and its excitement make it the only spot in the world where a newspaper extra is only normal. Every night on Broadway is like Saturday night back home.

Fifth Avenue is a smart and beautiful woman. All the more so because she looks at you out of the corner of her eye.

There are dozens of other personality neighborhoods. Like the Village, Central Park, University Heights, all outlined in the guide books. The theatres reflect the art of the times—and there are parts of these times which reflect no art whatsoever.

See what you want to see. There's a broad enough choice to give you a pretty good idea of yourself. What you want to see is the kind of guy you are.

The book shops, the museums, the planetarium and the ballet give you some idea of the variety.

The show windows of the big stores are the flowers on New York's bonnet. And by all means, before you leave, go to the top of the Empire State or RCA building and gaze down upon the wonderful face that every New Yorker carries in his heart.



GRANTLAND RICE
Sports Authority

New York is a city of ten thousand sights. It would take an alert Legionnaire, operating at top speed day and night, to see anything like a major part of the

Big City's high spots. And of course a lot depends on what the sight-seer wants to look at. In no particular ranking order, there are the Bronx Zoo and Central Park, the top of the Empire State Building, the Metropolitan Museum, the Natural History Museum, Grant's Tomb, Riverside Drive and the Hudson plus the Palisades, the Bowery and Chinatown, the Yankee Stadium, the Polo Grounds and the Dodger home. The Music Hall must be on this list and there are numberless other motion picture and legitimate theatres that are certain to get their quota. There will always be something to see at Madison Square Garden. Certainly the Music Hall and Madison Square Garden must be on any list. So must Rockefeller Center.

From some high-up central location a look at New York's amazing architectural display after nightfall will give the observer

a truer picture of what New York is than anything else. There are also its famous bridges from Brooklyn Bridge on uptown. The more scholarly can invade Columbia University and N. Y. U.

There is also the boat trip around the island, well worth your time. It isn't necessary to stake out the various, colorful night clubs which are certain to draw their share of hustling trade.

This is only a partial list. But it is about all the most active Legionnaire can be expected to handle without developing too many charley horses.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Explorer and Author



As an explorer I always want to see a map. So if I were visiting New York for the first time I'd take a bee-line for the Empire State Building. From its tower, the highest in the world,

New York is spread out in a thrilling animated relief map. Then I would concentrate on those places and things that are unique or bigger or better than any others in the world.

Certainly Rockefeller Center is one—a city within a city. While there I would do a tour of the NBC broadcasting studios where many of the nation-wide news and amusement programs originate. The Music Hall, the biggest and most spectacular theater in the world is a "must" even for the most blasé visitor.

A bus ride up Riverside Drive is climaxed by the George Washington bridge. To me it is the Eighth Wonder of the World.

The American Museum of Natural History with its superb African and North American Halls, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Bronx Zoo surpass anything of their kind in the world. The Grand Central Station, Wall Street with its famous banks, and La Guardia Airport never cease to make me marvel. Of course the theatre district of Broadway after dark is almost unbelievable—don't miss that!



BABE RUTH
Sportsman
Idol of American Youth

If I came to New York for the first time, I'd be sure to hit the highest spot and the lowest. Tops is the Empire State Building tower, a real "bleacher" view of the city from 102 floors up. And way down under the ground they've got those wonderful subways—only don't try them in the rush hour, around 5 o'clock unless you're wearing a catcher's mask, shin-pads and chest protector.

The biggest bargain is the five-cent ferry-boat ride from the Battery to Staten Island. If you're well-heeled, then you ought to see

HOW I STEPPED into a Big Pay HOTEL JOB!

*Nelson Davis, Newspaper Route Man
Now Assistant Manager, Although He
Knew Nothing About Hotel Work*



"I had nothing to look forward to but hard, monotonous work, long hours, poor pay. Then I answered a Lewis advertisement and shortly afterwards enrolled. Soon after graduation, the Lewis School placed me in a fine Pennsylvania hotel. Later the manager asked me to go to Miami to take a similar position. Now I have another position as Assistant Manager. Lewis Training did it all."

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN

Thousands of Lewis-trained men and women winning success and a sound, substantial future in the colorful hotel, club and institutional field. They are making good as Managers, Assistant Managers, Stewards, Hostess, Executive Housekeepers and in 55 other types of well-paid positions. Not only has this fascinating business been breaking records, but authorities agree the months to come will see the greatest travel boom in history. The demand for trained men and women, therefore, will be greater than ever.

Previous experience proved unnecessary in this business where you are not dropped because you are over 40. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in spare time. Write your name and address in the margin and mail this ad TODAY for Free Book which tells how you are registered free of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service. Course approved for Veterans' Training. () Check here if eligible.

Lewis Hotel Training School 31st SUCCESSFUL YEAR
Room LR 4785 Washington 7, D. C.

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW and SENSATIONAL in LAST! CHRISTMAS CARDS

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST AMAZING "OILETTE" CARDS
Like costly oil paintings. Designs never before offered. Amazing Value! Gets easy orders fast! Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name, 50 for \$1 up. New features, clever ideas. Pays up to 100% cash profit. Also Stationery. 20 other money-making assortments sell at 60c to \$1. Samples on Approval. Write today. PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 729K, St. Louis 3, Mo.

ATTENTION MEN of



8TH SEES ENGLAND—Get the AAF Pictorial of your stay in the ETO. Over 250 pictures; air combat—fighters—bombers—flok—London—Norwich— Ipswich and many others. \$3.00 postpaid. Also 8TH AAF Lifetime Plastic Gloss Ash Troys—3 for \$1.00 postpaid.
15TH OVER ITALY—New AAF Pictorial of your stay in Italy and the Middle East, including 15TH AAF official written history. Over 250 pictures; air combat—bombers—flok—fighters—Rome—Naples—Copri—Cernigolo—Cosino—Coiro—Palestine and others. \$3.00 postpaid. Write—

AAF PUBLICATIONS 6015-35 W. 3rd St.
Hollywood 36, California

LOCKSMITHING & KEY MAKING
COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE COURSE
How to pick locks, decode, make master-keys, repair, install, service, etc. 53 easy illustrated self-instruction lessons for every handy man, homeowner, carpenter, mechanic, hardware dealer, maintenance men, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Success-Catalog Free. Address below.

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING
LEARN at HOME in Your Spare Time
Prepare for a happy future of prosperity and security—and get a good job now. A fascinating, thorough self-instruction training in American and Swiss watches, clocks. Special section on alarm clock repairs. Fast-growing field. Success-Catalog Free. NELSON CO., 1139 S. Wabash Av., Dept. 83, Chicago 5, Ill.

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO LARGE MEN **SIZES 44 to 60**
In Stock SHIRTS (sizes 17 to 21, regular & stout body) PAJAMAS, UNDERWEAR, ROBES, SLACKS, SWEATERS, LEISURE and TAILORED SPORTS COATS, SUITS to size 60, long stout. Mail, telephone, telegraph orders filled. Satisfaction or money back. FREE...24-page illustrated catalogue "L" Coming to New York Convention? Be sure to visit convenient Midtown shop!
IMPERIAL WEAR 513 Ave. of America (6th Ave.) New York 11

our classy night clubs and our Broadway plays. Those sight-seeing busses will take you around the neighborhoods with "atmosphere" like Chinatown, the Bowery, Hell's Kitchen, Wall St., Radio City and places like that. We've got museums for every taste, libraries, public parks, zoos . . . or, if you want to watch some bangup sporting event, either drop into colorful Madison Square Garden downtown, or take the subway up to a place the sportswriters are kind enough to call "The House that Ruth Built": Yankee Stadium.



LOU LITTLE
*Football Coach,
Columbia University*

I'm a football coach, not a member of the Chamber of Commerce, but in the seventeen years I've been at Columbia University I have been fortunate enough to see things in New York which I'm sure can't be matched for splendor and worthwhile values anywhere else in the world. I hope you men of the Legion will be able to see some of them, too, while you are our guests.

For those of you who are seriously inclined—and I think it's about time that we begin to see things in their proper perspective in this confused world of ours—there are in New York two of the most stately and beautiful religious edifices in the land. They are St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine at 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. You'll live through some active and noisy days here at your Convention, but a few quiet moments in the beauty of one of these great cathedrals certainly will not be wasted.

I hope you'll take time out for a look

The American Legion Magazine will pay \$25 for the most interesting photograph made during the National Convention in New York from August 28th through 31st.

Other good photographs will be considered for purchase at our regular rates.

Just send us a print of your best picture or pictures—any size. Write your name and address clearly on the back, with a brief description of

when and where the picture was made. **KEEP THE NEGATIVE**, since you will have to produce it if your picture is judged a winner. No snapshots submitted can be returned.

Photos must be postmarked **not** later than September 10th.

Address your entry:

PHOTO EDITOR
The American Legion Magazine
One Park Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

at Columbia University's campus up here on Morningside Heights, the site of a great university which is nearly 200 years old and yet still young and vital. The University won't be in session when you're here, but you'll get the feel of the place, I know. We have had more than 14,000 student veterans of World War II here in the University during the past year and will have at least that many during the coming year. Over in one corner of the campus you'll find Columbia College, relatively a small part of the University, with 2500 students, but, we like to feel, the heart of the University. It is Columbia College that supports our athletic teams, for which graduate students, of course, are not eligible. I wish you were coming a little later so that you could see our football team in action at Baker Field, which is in a beautiful setting, with the Hudson River and the Palisades as a backdrop.

Don't miss Radio City, perhaps a broadcast which you've heard at home and can

see now in person. And while you're there, a look at the Music Hall and those dancing Rockettes will be worthwhile. Their marvelous precision and teamwork is especially impressive to someone like myself who is continually striving for that same perfection on the football field. Another never-to-be-forgotten sight in New York is the view you get from the top of the Empire State Building. Go up there some night about 8 o'clock. The city sparkles like a tray of diamonds carefully arranged on black velvet.

Here's something you might not think of but should not miss, if the schedules are right—the Queen Elizabeth or one of the other great trans-atlantic liners pulling out from a pier. Thousands of you left New York under grim, darkened conditions of security in the last few years. Now you ought to have the other side of the picture. It's a thrill.

Most of you are sports fans. That means major league baseball. As I write this I have no idea how our three New York clubs will fare in the National and American League races. But that doesn't matter. If you're new to New York, the towering Yankee Stadium that Babe Ruth built; the Polo Grounds, where John McGraw wrote much of the history of baseball, and Brooklyn's Ebbets Field.

Jones Beach, about 20 miles out of town on Long Island but worth the trip, is another sight you shouldn't miss. Here, on a busy week-end afternoon you'll see New York and its youngsters at play under conditions which, I think, can't be improved on any beach in the world.

Then, of course, there are New York's museums, notably the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History. They can be exciting, and certainly worth the time you can spare to visit them.

And a final suggestion—if you are physically up to it and want an experience which you'll remember after you've returned to where the rest of America lives, try a ride on the subway in rush-hour.



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Don't do it, of course, unless you're in good physical shape. We New Yorkers take the rush-hour scrimmages in stride but we're trained to them. It will be a real test for you. But you'll come out of it all right and you'll marvel at the good nature and geniality with which most New Yorkers take the little inconveniences that go with life in the nation's biggest town. We think it's worth it to live here.



BILLY ROSE
Showman and Columnist

If I were a Legionnaire on a brief visit to New York, here are some of the sights I would want to see:

"Old Lady Cutting Her Fingernails," by Rembrandt, at the Metropolitan Museum of art.

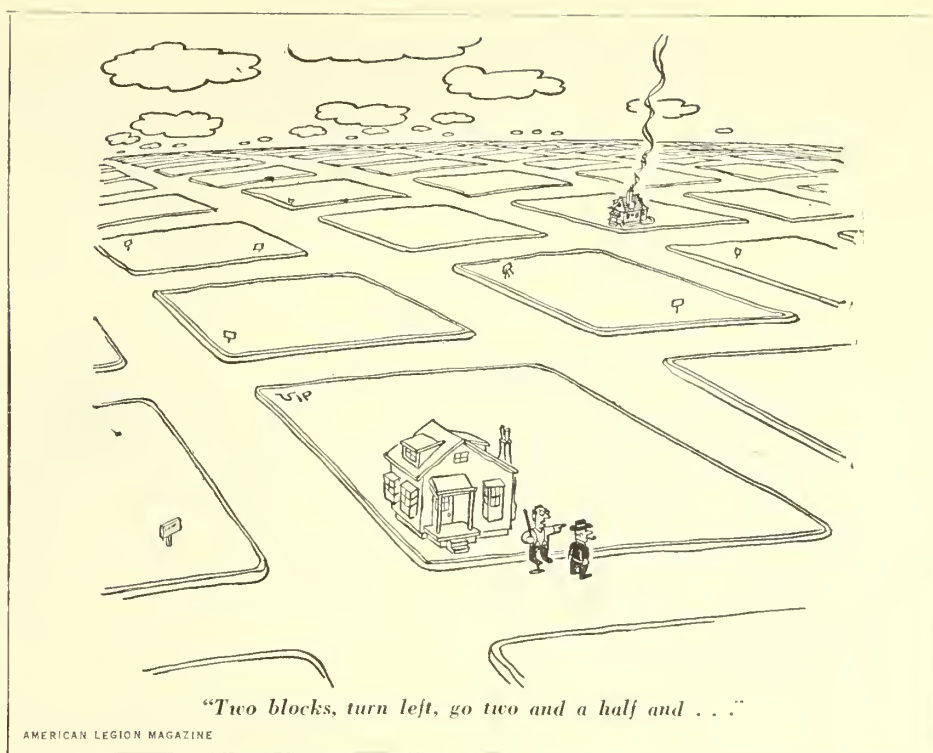
The bronze plaque on the house next to the corner, Fifth Avenue and 86th Street. On this plaque a Roman God thumbs his nose at his next door neighbor. Many years ago, a next door neighbor objected to a man living in this house, for silly racial reasons. The thumb-nosing plaque was the answer.

The Washington Vegetable Market at 3 o'clock in the morning. This one is for the book.

A bus ride up Fifth Avenue on Sunday morning.

The George Washington Bridge. A breath-taking job in steel and wire.

The dinosaur and the other prehistoric



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

what-nots at the Museum of Natural History. They cut a fellow down to size.

"Oklahoma," "Finian's Rainbow" and "Brigadoon"—three musical sweetie-pies that do nice things to you.

Maurice Chevalier—France's greatest invention since champagne. Maurice is still the gay young man of the Boulevards.

A long look at the Statue of Liberty.

Oh, yes—Broadway, 'specially if you're interested in neon.

feller Center. Take a minute to pause at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Regardless of your faith, it will be worth it.

Downtown around mid-day the Stock Exchange center is a must and on the way back Chinatown and the Bowery will open up the eyes of many visitors.

A visit to Night Court is a thrill any innocent visitor will experience instead of reading about it. If one is fortunate enough to have a friend with an automobile LaGuardia Airport is a sight with landings and take-offs to all parts of the world.

Now take a ride to the Fulton Fish Market and the produce market along West Street, ending with a ride up the West Side Highway to take a glimpse of the largest ships in the world at anchor, and a peek at the George Washington Bridge with the Palisades in the background while the cool slow ripples of the Hudson River seem to say "I'd Never Believe It" but now I see it with my own eyes.

That is a full day for any Legionnaire, and if that is not sufficient New York has the most famous night clubs in the world in case you're bored with it all.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Life gets ironical every now and then, but never more so than with Pvt. Donald D. Deere.

For months and months he was in Italy pining for his wife, Mary Louise, who was in Cottage Grove, Oregon. At long last, Pvt. Deere got back to Cottage Grove.

But Mary Louise was not at home. And where was she? In Italy, where she'd gone to join him.—By Harold Helfer

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



ROY WILLIAMS

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

*Managing Director,
The Stork Club*

So you're here to see the big city? Instead of the usual sightseeing trips to the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty, let's do things a little differently. Let's start off with Park Avenue from midtown with its expensive shops and hotels all the way up to the section where the railroad emerges from the ground and the merchants hawk their wares.

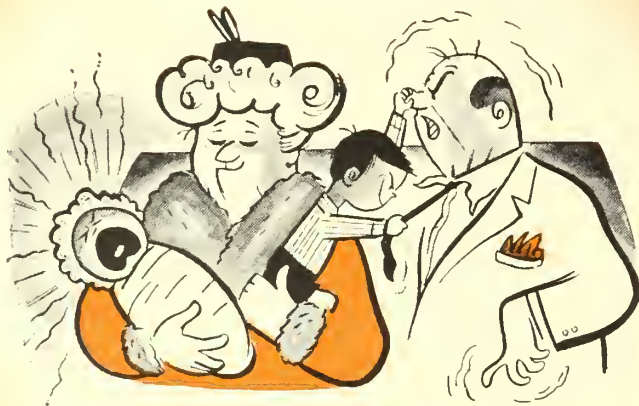
Now you're up about 110th Street turn west to Fifth Avenue where Central Park begins. Summer will be nearly ended, so you won't see the kids iceskating but you can witness the New Yorker's way of communing with nature. It's virtually a rural country-side in the heart of the largest city in the U. S.

As you come down Fifth Avenue don't forget to stop in Saks or Bonwit's or any of the better known shops and buy a gift, anything in one of the famous boxes will do, for your wife, child or sweetheart.

Along Fifth Avenue you'll see Rocke-

TRAVELING COMPANIONS

By S. B. STEVENS



The Li'l Darlin's



The Sleeper



The Flirt



The Snack Kid



The Smoker



The Filibuster



Push-Button Miracles

By Roger Pettit

The captain of a newly commissioned heavy cruiser, inspecting the ship's gun data control system, was somewhat less than enthusiastic. The overgrown gadgets, from the radar installation topside to the battery of giant mechanical brains far below decks, seemed entirely too far out of his reach.

After thinking it over he ordered his gunnery offices to build and set up a gun control station on the captain's bridge.

"But, sir," the gunnery officer remonstrated, "our set-up is the newest in the Navy. It practically thinks and talks."

"Very true. But when the going gets hot I'm responsible for the safety of this ship and everyone on it, not your collection of gears and tubes and dials."

Since the gunnery officer was in no position to argue he turned the problem over to his men. Before they shipped out on shakedown the captain had his bridge station for the control of every major gun on the ship.

In the months that followed, the

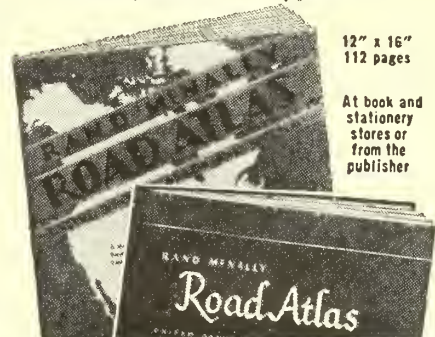
cruiser went into action and performed miracles of gunnery. Among the many "birdies" brought down were four kamikaze suicide planes. During every enemy attack the captain furiously spotted the targets. His hands were busy spinning dials and setting knobs to transmit his data to the guns. He was extremely proud of his record.

During one attack, however, despite the captain's efforts, a Jap got through the AA barrage and crashed the superstructure just beneath the bridge. When the smoking mess had been cleared the captain stood by sternly regarding the twisted steel of his bridge. He jammed his hands into his jacket pocket nodded toward his personal control station. "Throw that stuff overboard," he ordered, his expression wooden.

From where he stood, with the deck plates curled and bent from the heat, the skipper could see that all the shafts and transmission wires leading from his beloved rig had never been connected. Each one terminated uselessly in a dead end right there under the deck beneath his feet.

For a carefree trip SEASONED MOTORISTS TAKE ALONG THE RAND McNALLY ROAD ATLAS

New, down-to-the-minute maps of all U.S. states, Canada, and Mexico show numbered highways, connecting roads, kinds of pavement, mileage distances, cities, towns, counties. Indispensable and easy to use at home and on the road. Paper cover, \$1.25. Handsome de luxe long-wearing leatherette cover, \$2.50.



12" x 16"
112 pages

At book and
stationery
stores or
from the
publisher

RAND McNALLY & CO., 536 S. Clark St. Chicago 5



Just published!
New AAF pictorial of the famous

20th AAF—from India to the last bomb. Contains OFFICIAL WAR DEPARTMENT HISTORY. 250 pictures of air combat—bombers—fighters—India—China—the Marianas—Japan—and the ATOMIC BOMB. \$3.00 postpaid. Send check, money order, or C.O.D.



AAF PUBLICATIONS

"Publishers of other AAF Pictorial Histories"
6015-35 W. 3rd St. • Hollywood 35, Calif.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Tracked Into The Home Can
Infect Your Whole Family!

Lose no time! If your feet itch, or skin between toes is cracked or raw from Athlete's Foot, get Dr. Scholl's Solvex. Relieves itching at once, kills fungi on contact, aids rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.



Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

NAUSEA

Used successfully over
a third of a century
on LAND and SEA...

THE WORLD OVER

caused by
travel motion,
relieved with



INVENTORS

Potent laws encourage the development of inventions. Our firm is registered to practice before the U. S. Patent Office. Write for further particulars as to patent protection and procedure and "Invention Record" form at once. No obligation.

McMORROW, BERMAN & DAVIDSON

Registered Patent Attorneys

146-G Victor Building

Washington 1, D. C.



Modern Version

About Ben Adhem, may his tribe NOT increase,
Lest the Landlord, alas, should cancel his lease!

S. Omar Barker

We've Moved

The circulation department of Waterloo, Iowa's, *Courier* was telephoned by a boy to report his change of address.

"Where do you live?" the clerk inquired.
"Well," asked the youngster, "do you know where the gypsies lived?"

"Yes, I know," the clerk agreed.

"We used to live right next to them in the trailer with the blue window shutters."

"But where do you live now?" the clerk insisted.

"Well," the boy went on, "do you remember the old ball park that burned down?"

The clerk admitted that he did.

"All right. You know where first base was?"

"Yes, of course I do," the clerk replied impatiently.

"Well, we live on first base now," the boy said.—*By James Wallace, Jr.*

Redeeming Feature

This thought should make

All women think:

Marry for money,

Repent in mink.

Philip Lazarus

Line from the Body

Marie MacDonald, the actress known as "The Body," is credited with this line:

"Worst thing about dancing with GI's is that they're all feet while dancing and all hands when they're not dancing."—*By Harold Helffer*

Nice Doggie

Apparently, dog-owners—and dogs—consider letter-carriers legal game. In no other way can I reconcile the attitude of the lady whose pet pooch nipped me in the calf while I was stuffing mail in her box. When I asked her not to let the dog assault me again, she reasoned that I was large enough to protect myself against a tiny puppy. To end the argument, I quoted regulations: Restrain that canine or come to the Post Office for your mail. I stalked off after delivering the ultimatum and she called the Post Office to see if I were telling the truth. Assured that I was correct, she attempted to continue the argument with the clerk who, despairing, asked her why she couldn't keep the dog penned in the back yard. "Can't think of that," she snapped. "He kills our chickens."

By C. C. Springfield

An Enlisted Man and Gent

He was a small, timid private—the wall-flower of the party. But when the orchestra played a familiar and sentimental tune, he took courage and walked across the dance floor. Picking a beautiful but over-sophisticated damsel for his partner, he asked:

"Pardon me, Miss. May I have this dance?"

A quick glance at his diminutive size and the lone stripe on his sleeve, and she replied: "I'm sorry. But I never dance with a child!"

But quite unscathed, the private bowed deeply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he said. "I didn't know your condition."—*By Tom Gootie.*

Presents with a Future

If I give her nylons . . .

She'll be trim and neat.

If I give her perfume . . .

She'll smell mighty sweet.

If I give her candy . . .

Both of us can eat.

Don Marshall

Mighty Tasty

Shortly before the death of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, two ex-cavalry-men seeking to emphasize the importance of horses in modern warfare asked him if horses hadn't come in mighty handy in the tangled jungles of the CBI Theatre. "Yes," the General admitted. The cavalry-men beamed. "Vinegar Joe" added: "And mighty tasty they were!"—*By Bill Sears.*

Footnote to the Future

If ever I fight in another war,
I'll go join up with the old Air Corps.
Avoiding corns on extremities pedal,
I'll fly and win me a nice Air Medal.

Or, should hostilities break some day,
I'll try a hitch in the old F. A.
More comfortably can the foe be quelled
If the gun, not I, is self-propelled.

Oh, it would be simply super-duper
To go enlist as a paratrooper
And float around in a parachute
And a pair of high-laced boots to boot.

A sailor may have to do some swimmin'.
And meets up seldom indeed with women.
But to the Navy I'd take a liking,
For sailors sail and get out of hiking.

Nobody else will make time faster
In signing up with the Quartermaster,
Where I can issue shoes—wrong size—
And powder (foot) to the other guys.

If warlike tendencies meet no check,
And a cold draft board blows down my neck,

Where do you think I'm apt to be?
Back in the doughfoot Infantry!

Fairfax Downey

Subjects

A Yank and a British Tommy were halted for passport inspection by a customs officer at a border of a European country.

"Ah, you're a subject of the king!" exclaimed the officer.

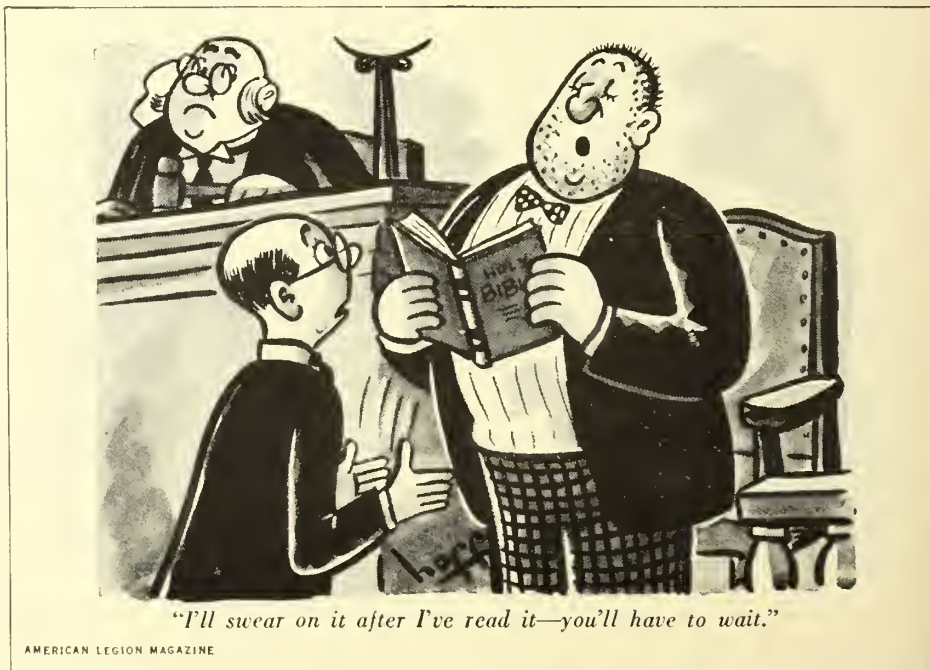
The Tommy saluted. He snapped: "And proud of it."

The customs officer examined the GI's passport. "And I presume you're a subject of the United States," he said.

"Subject?" the GI asked in a puzzled voice. Then he smiled and thrust out his chest.

"Hell, no!" he said. "I own part of it."

—*By Stanley G. Grayovski*



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Friend of the family



A friend that your grandfather knew and trusted is still the same friend of your family today. That friend is Schlitz... the beer in which quality is never sacrificed for volume. In war and in peace, in good times and bad, Schlitz has held firmly to the simple belief that a man's work or his product always should be his best. That belief flavors every bottle or can of Schlitz, and makes the Schlitz label one you are proud to place before your guests.

*Just the KISS
of the hops*

Copyright 1947, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

Elaine Decker
WELL-KNOWN FENCER

THE WARTIME
CIGARETTE SHORTAGE
WAS A REAL **EXPERIENCE**.
I LEARNED THAT **CAMELS**
SUIT ME BEST!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before

*"The shortage taught me the big differences
in cigarette quality," says Miss Decker*

SMOKERS everywhere shared your experience with cigarettes, Miss Decker. They too smoked many different brands . . . and compared.

And millions found that experience is the best teacher . . . that for smoking pleasure you just can't beat the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camels. That's why today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



*It wasn't much fun,
standing in line, taking
any brand you could get. But that's
when millions learned
what cigarette suited
them best — Camels!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**YOUR "T-ZONE"
WILL TELL YOU...**
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any
cigarette. See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone" to a **T**!

*According to a recent
Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE **CAMELS**
than any other cigarette**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.